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In Woods of God-Realization

OR

Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha

VOLUME V.

THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

Sixth Edition:— **JUNE 1942.**



PRICE.

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SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

(Second Photo as Sannyasim, Agra, January 1902.)

OM

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

It is with great pleasure that we are placing the 6th edition of Vol. V "In Woods of God-Realization" before the public.

The portion of note-books has been removed from this volume as well, according to the scheme given in the preface to the 1st Volume. These note-books do not have a logical consequence with the subject matter and so they are being printed again in separate book form.

Every effort has been made to preserve the originality of the lectures and in cases of doubts and difficulties the manuscript were referred to.

The book has been printed in hot haste, and the readers are requested to forgive any errors of printing that might have crept in.

The prices of paper and other printing materials have been doubled yet the price of the book remains the same. It is hoped the readers will admire this view point of the publishers and push on its sale.

May Swami Rama guide us, one and all, in following the TRUE PATH!

God-bye. Hari Om.

Lucknow,	}	R. S. SINHA,
27th June, 1942.		<i>Secretary,</i>
		Rama Tirtha Publication League.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The fifth volume of the new series of Swami Rama's work is now before the public. We are glad to say that we have succeeded in bringing out this volume much sooner than the preceding one, for it has taken only a couple of months to be out of the process.

If this speed of work is maintained by the press, we hope to bring out the remaining two volumes also within a few months only; the volume 6th within this year and seventh within a couple of months of the next year and perhaps not later than the next March in any case.

It is a great pleasure and encouragement to us to note the appreciation of the public for this new series by coming forward to purchase it in large numbers, but we shall not feel satisfied until this nectar of Vedanta, in the shape of these valuable teachings, reaches every person able to read and write. We, therefore, invite the hearty co-operation of the public in fulfilling this noble though stupendous task.

The teachings of Rama are too well known to the intelligent public and the aspirant of Divine knowledge. Their aim is nothing but release from the mundane existence by the absorption of the indivi-

dual soul in the world-soul through correct knowledge. In other words, it is the realization of the identity of individual Atman with the world-Atman. With this realization, man no longer remains bound in the shackles of worldly weaknesses but transcends all limitations and becomes All in all or One without a second. May, Rama, the Realized Soul bless us all to be like him.

Lucknow:	}	B. P. BHATNAGAR,
October, 1931		<i>Honorary Secretary,</i>
		The Rama Tirtha Publication League.

OM. FOREWORDS.

The 'Spirit of Religion' is explained in the following pages. It is true that Religion binds us back to the fountain-head, that is Brahma, as its etymology shows (*Re*-back and *ligare* to bind.) The Fountain-Head is neither perceived by senses nor conceived by mind and intellect. It is the Spiritual Realization, to attain which the Universal Love is a great aid; hence Criticism and Universal Love have been explained in the 2nd discourse of this Volume. The meaningless rites and customs stand as bar in our way to the Universal Love. To get rid of them we should take the *spirit* of every thing.

In the next discourse that is the *Spirit of Yajna*, it is impressed upon our minds that we have to solve our own problems and begin to see with our own eyes rather than those of our most venerable saints and sages of the past gone-by,

The cause of India's present troubles has been the inverting of the Natural Order making the living self a slave to the ghosts of old books. It is to encourage the wrong method of education of placing the study of books higher than that of facts in themselves. The fair mother *Shruti* has been reduced to sad plight when her sons pull her beautiful tresses

from all directions to support their own views. Laws and institutions are for man, man is not for them. Truth need not compromise. Let the whole world turn round the Sun, the Sun need not revolve round the world. Can authority establish truth? Does the Sun require a little lamp to be made visible.

We see that *havan* is ordinarily taken to be a most important and necessary feature^e of the *Yajna*. The argument that *havan* purifies the air and it produces fragrant perfumes is very far-fetched. The perfumes, delicious to smell like all stimulants, exhiarate for the moment entailing a depression of spirit for reaction. Fragrant perfume is a very small product of *havan*. By far the most significant product is carbon-dioxide which is positively pernicious.

In those old days, when India had more forests and less human population, the burning of *ghrita* and other hydro-carbonites might be a factor, though very insignificant, in helping the vegetation in as much as it generated carbon-dioxide, the *aerial food of plants*. But in these days matters are reversed, we have too much of carbon-dioxide in the air already. That makes the people lazy. India needs more *oxygen* and *ozone* in these days and not *carbon-dioxide*.

The chemical results of Havan affecting the air are exactly the same as those of feeding the people- Now instead of waisting of precious ghee into the mouth of artificial fire, why not offer even hard crusts of dry

bread to the gastic fire (*Jathragni*) which is eating up the flesh and bones of millions of starving but living Narayanas? What if we feed thousands of poor peoples in one day. This indiscriminate charity is the cause of misery in India, The right kind of Yajna is to *serve* and *save* the poor. Perform it in such a way that the act may not defeat its own end, The highest gift you can confer on a man is to offer him *knowledge*, which will really make life worth living. Let every Indian help his juniors without an eye on reward and reap the mother's supreme luxury of utilizing the privilege to serve them with the food of soul—encouragement, knowledge and love. This is the grand *Nishkam Yajna*—

Our wants to-day are different faom those of Vedic Rishis. The “*if's*” round which the whole Karma Kanda hinges are moved. “Chang or Perish” is the grim watch word of Nature. So let us adopt our Karma Kanda to our environments. If you want to live in this present century of marching and advancing industries and arts, and not die, by inches of political consumption, do capture the *Matrishva* of Electricity, and enslave the *Varunà* of Steam, become familiar with the *Kuver* of the Science of Agriculture. But far be it from Rama to prevent you from seeing the “*Ekam Sat*” God in the thunder, lightening, sun, moon, wind, fire, water, and earth, as did those Vedic Sages. Do see God jn Nature, as Nature but sometbing more, see him in the laboratory

or the science room. The old Yajna fire you cannot revive, but the old spirit of love, reverence and devotion you can and you must revive and bring to bear upon the present day *Karmas*,

The spirit of real Yajna is to develop God sight by offering individual faculties (of hands or eyes etc.) to the corresponding cosmic powers (Indra or Aditya or others) by identifying your little self with the Self of all, by realizing your neighbour as your self and by resigning your will to God's will. Let us live in God by uniting our hearts (not mere skins), the whole nation will then be united through us.

The *Spirit of Yajna* is followed by a dozen of *Forest Talks* on several subjects such as civilization, property, reformer, love, rest, married life, and the like. But the last of these talks is the most important one, as it sheds much light on the points which often mislead a pilgrim of the Spiritual Path. One who exerts himself in the right way all the hidden treasures are opened to him. By controlling *Prana*, mind is not controlled. Control mind and the *Prana* will be controlled. Do not bother yourself regarding the opening of *Sushmana* or about the thousand-petalled Lotus etc., all these will come and pay allegiance to you, when you try to realize, seated in the essence of the Real Self or become one with God.

R. T. P. League
Lucknow.
17th July 1942.

SHANTI PRAKASH.

APPRECIATION.

by

REV. C. F. ANDREWS, M.A.

(*The Renaissance in India*).

“ Another personality, in many ways far more attractive than that of Vivekananda, carried on the same movement of the new Vedanta in the north. Swami Rama Tirtha was a Brahman, brought up in express poverty at Lahore, where he gained his education at the Foreman Christian College and became, after a brilliant University career, a Professor of Mathematics. His heart, however, was wholly given to religion, and he left his College work to become a wandering monk and preacher. He was into the wildest regions of the Himalayas, where he lived alone with Nature. A vein of true poetry ran through his character, and his buoyant joyfulness of disposition carried him through the severest hardships and privations. I was asked by his disciple Swami Narayana to write an Introduction to his public writings,

and I did so with the greatest readiness ; for the Christian note is much stronger in them than in those of Vivekananda. Compare, for instance. the following comments on the Lord's prayer with the crude mistake concerning the words 'which art in heaven' that I have already quoted from Vivekananda's writings.

"In the Lord's prayer," writes Swami Rama Tirtha, "we say 'give us this day our daily bread,' and in another place we say 'man shall not live by bread alone.' Reconsider these statements: understand them thoroughly. The meaning of the Lord's prayer is not that you should be craving, wishing: not at all. The meaning of that prayer is such that even a king, an Emperor, who is in no danger of not having his daily bread, may offer it. If so, evidently 'Give us this day our daily bread' does not mean that we should put ourselves in a begging mood, that we should ask for material prosperity! not that. The prayer means that everybody, let him be a prince, a king, a monk, is to look upon all these things around him, all the

wealth and plenty, as not his but God's : not mine, not mine. That does not mean begging, but renouncing, giving up ; renouncing everything unto God. The king while he is offering that prayer puts himself into that mood, where all the jewels of his treasury, all the riches in his house, the house itself, all these he renounces, he gives them up, he disclaims them. He is, in offering this prayer, the monk of monks. He says "This is God's : this table, everything on this table is His, not mine : I do not possess anything. Anything that comes to me comes from my Beloved one."

Swami Rama Tirtha was drowned in one of the rivers of the Punjab, (United Provinces Ed.) just when his religious genius seemed to be about to bear its richest fruit. The work of such wandering religious preachers who form a link between the new and the old, can hardly be overestimated. They rarely take up, as in the case of Swami Dayanand, the position of puritan reform and 'root and branch' destruction of recognised religious evils, but they are

sufficiently in touch with modern culture to see clearly that Hinduism requires a reformation from within, and they play an important part in bringing this about. To refer to a parallel in European history, they are performing within orthodox Hinduism the work of a counter reformation, not wholly dissimilar from that which Ignatius Loyola undertook in Europe in the sixteenth century."

THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

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SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

America

1904.

RELIGION.

Lecture delivered at Shanti Ashram, Muttra.

Religion, (as is manifest from the derivation of the the term *re*, back, *ligare*, to bind), is that which *binds* one *back* to the origin or fountain-head.

Ques.—What is the origin or source? What is it at whose decree as it were the mind thinks, the eye sees, and nature lives?

Ans.—That which cannot be perceived by the mind, the eyes, and other organs of sense, but makes the mind, the eyes etc., speed to their work is *Brahman*. *Brahman* cannot be the object of perception or thought. Mind and speech turn back from it in dismay.

A pair of tongs can catch almost anything else, but how can it turn back and grasp the very fingers which hold it? So the mind or

intellect can in nowise be expected to know the great Unknowable which is its very source.

Religion, then, as distinguished from Theology and also divested of its dogmatic excrescences, is essentially a mysterious process by which the mind or intellect reaches back and loses itself in the inscrutable source, the Great Beyond.

The devout Christian or pious Musalman when offering prayers holds his hands aloft, unconsciously pointing out that it is the Above, the Beyond, the Incomprehensible, which he is striving to approach. The Hindu, immersed in Bhakti or lost in Samadhi, gets his eyes naturally shut, which clearly indicates that it is the Within, the Invisible, the Beyond, in which his mind or intellect is being merged.

Not "a religion" but "the religion" which is the soul of Islam, Hinduism, or Christianity is, strictly speaking, that indescribable realization of the Unknowable, where all distinctions of caste, colour, and creed, all dogmas and theories, the body and mind,

time, space and causality, together with all that is contained therein, this world and all other imaginable worlds are washed clean off into *what* no words can reach. Is it mystifying? Not at all.

Let any person of real religious experience refer to his moment of what is called communion and assert whether any idea of God, not to say of himself or the world, subsists there. In true realization there is no *meum* and *tuum*, no trace of subject and object.

Any systematic attempt leading to the goal above pointed out is *religious*.

It may be asked what is the need of aiming at such a mystical end. Before answering this question let us examine in what way the chief ideals and objects of attraction for man—knowledge, heroism, love and pleasure—are commonly reached.

1. *Knowledge* is commonly understood to be the amount of information acquired through outside means, such as books or teachers; and a man is taken to be of scho-

larly attainments if he has stuffed his brain with learned classics that have had their day. It is true that the achievements of the past should not be discarded and are worth a careful study; but true Education (*e*, out, *duco*, I draw) begins only when a man turns from all external aids to the 'Infinity within and becomes as it were a natural source of original knowledge or a spring of brand new ideas. Newton and other apostles of truth pour forth useful discoveries. Who taught them? From what books did they learn all that which superseded all foregone researches? Certainly, the education of the benefactors of mankind consisted in unconsciously approaching that Real Self by which alone all that is unheard-of is heard, all unknown is known, all unthought of is thought. Light shines out through one when his mind is *concentrated*, that is, when a man loses his little self, when his body, mind, etc., disappear to him as it were and a state is reached where the world, the ego, and every thing is merged in the Great Unknowable; it is then and then alone that truths descend in showers, discoveries crop up, knowledge

begins to flow, and the secrets of nature are unfolded. Thus all truths, discoveries, inventions, designs, theories and the like are the natural outcome of a kind of transcendental *yoga* or *religion* as above defined. The poet being once in that super-conscious state, sublime thoughts and noble ideas must proceed from him. The mathematician or philosopher has simply to abandon his (apparent) self, and wonderful solutions of the most intricate problems must occur to him. After a problem is solved or discovery made, the apparent 'I' wants to get the credit for it, but this copyrighting or patenting 'I,' so long as it was making its existence felt, no discovery could be made; it was only when the 'I' renounced itself and the idea of religion, as above defined, was released that success and knowledge began to well out.

2. Let us watch a *hero* in the battlefield. He is mad with super-abundance of power, thousands count nothing to him, his own body has no appearance of reality to him. He is no longer the body or mind, and the world is no more existent, the spirits are up.

and every hair of his body is thundering out his immersion in the Great Beyond which lies at the back of the body, the mind and the whole world. Thus, to the spectators, indomitable courage and heroic power are like lightning flash of the Unknowable into the phenomenal world; but in regard to the subject himself undaunted Bravery is unconsciously no more than *religion*, that is, absorption in the Power behind the screens.

3. How beloved is the word *love*. Every body must love a lover, as the saying goes. To the pure Hindu in most instances *love* (*Bhakti*) is the only desideratum. There are some noble souls who would gladly sacrifice anything and everything for the sake of divine *love*. Let us try to discover the mountain-head of *love*.

The ideal *Bhaktas* like Chaitanya Mahaprabhu or Bunyan are distinguished for their unusual trance or raptures of prayers; and it goes without saying that divine *love* raised in intensity to such a pitch means transcending all ideas of shame, conformity, or the world and exemption from the bondage of little

self. Even those who have been blessed with an experience of love, directed towards lower objects, will testify to the apparent paradox that highest *love* transcends the idea of beloved and lover. Thus undeniably is *love* identical with *religion* in the above sense.

4. The very word *ecstasy* (*e*, out, and *sto*, to stand) shows that happiness, no matter under what conditions or circumstances experienced, is nothing different from standing, so to say, outside the body, mind and world. Referring to one's own experience any person can see the oneness of happiness with *freedom*, though temporary, from all duality. The longed-for object and the wooing subject welding into one constitute joy. Thus manifestly the very nature of happiness is *religion*.

These observations clearly prove that all the noble and desirable ends of life are reached only when the intellect and along with it the whole of objective world melt into the Unknowable Beyond.

But this is getting a dip into Universal Essence, just as one consults a dictionary or

as a diver plunges into the ocean and with pearls comes out shortly.

Sensuous pleasures are in their essence strictly speaking *religion*, but the mode of realizing *religion*, involved in them, may be compared to getting a peep into the Darbar through the grating of dirty gutter. They resemble a flash of lightning which, though identical in its nature with broad daylight, does far more harm than good. Or, more appropriately, they are the stealing of fire from heaven like Prometheus.

Is it not possible to enter the blissful Darbar by a lawful portal? Cannot the midnight lightning flash be made continuous to become everlasting bright day? In an instinctive desire of that nature, lies the necessity of religion in its ordinary sense. Strenuous struggle to that effect is worthwhile, and those who pooh pooh the importance of religion, are despite themselves engaged in suicidal efforts.

All attempts of Philosophy or Science to pry into the Ineffable have failed helplessly. *Time, space, and causality*, contemplated

either from the subjective or objective point of view, defy all efforts to discover their nature. The ultimate nature of Matter, Motion, Force or Energy presents insurmountable difficulties to the enquiring mind. Atomic theory is beset with contradictions, Boscovich's theory of Centres of Force, in the long run, fares no better. All the dogmatic theologies of the world have more or less of superstition stamped on their face. One system of philosophy explodes the other, the latter in its turn spares no pains to return the compliment. From this it is apparent that the interior of Nature will for ever remain a mystery to the mind and that it is not given to human intellect to sound the depths of cosmos.

Then, should we give up all search into the Underlying Absolute as a forlorn hope? Shall we devote our energy and power exclusively to practical discoveries and inventions like railways, telegraphs, and gunpowder? Even such toys bring no peace or rest. The very thirst for more and more, that indispensably accompanies every new possession,

emphatically declares the vanity of earthly ambitions.

These considerations land us in utter despair. Despair not, say the Upanishads. The deep hope for rest is not to be frustrated. However obstinately we may shut our eyes to the Reality, in moments of happy isolation the query forces itself on us "Whence emanates all this phenomenon? Why am I? What do the earth and sky signify?"

The Veda says that this ingrained question must necessarily find its solution, though not through Philosophy, Science, or earthly love. The question itself being included in the *anirvachaniya maya* (insoluble riddle of the whole world) forms a part of the indescribable mystery it wants to unravel. As an eagle cannot outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats, so thoughts cannot transcend the sphere of limitation. So long as the questioner and the objects questioned about remain, the prison walls of *maya* are there, and there can be no rising above the appearances. The goal may be reached by special culture, and when reached must dissolve

altogether the question as well as the answer. Vedanta aims at this goal independently of the enslaving process connected with ordinary pleasures, ecstasy, love and the like. Being lost in such vision one is the *Brahman* Itself, unknowable to the mind or intellect. A man who gets even a glimpse of such realization stands above fear and anxiety. Unshakable strength of character is the necessary outcome of this realization or *religion*.

Hence the desirability of Religion.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

CRITICISM AND UNIVERSAL LOVE.

For the Indian people and a Message to the world.

Whenever any promising movement is undertaken, the party spirit in India calls forth the attention of the public to the dark side of the leader's character. Thus every flower is nipped in the bud. But who has not a dark side? (Swami Vivekananda's healthy and hopeful plans and bold teachings are discarded by bringing into bolder relief his habits of eating and drinking. Swami Krishnananda of Kashi is crippled by exposing to the public an objectionable behaviour which, as a matter of fact, did not belong to him).

Attempts are being made to put away the Sadharana Dharma movement and the Dharma Mahotsava meetings on the pretext of the imputed personal drawbacks in the

man who took the lead in those lines. It is queer logic, indeed, on falling down from the ass to fall foul with the ass driver.

The other day Rama saw a milk-boy carrying some bottles of milk into a house. Accidentally one bottle slipped from his hands and broke. He flew into a rage and flung into the streets the other bottles also.

That is just what people do in their dealings with each other. Observing in a friend tiny flaws in a particular line, what a strong tendency have we to sweep off all regard for his good traits !

In Hydrostatics we read of the total pressure and resultant pressure. The total pressure may be infinite on a body and the resultant pressure nil. The myriad forces in India have no resultant pressure, being nullified by being pitched one against the other. Is it not a pity ? What is the reason ? Because each party concentrates its attention on the faults of its neighbour. Thus there can be no union, and this very concentration, basad on doubt, acts as a malicious force to engender the objectionable

characters. "Call one a thief and he will steal" is an undeniable truism.

Is there no common ground? Have our neighbours no commendable features? Have the different sects in India no bond of union? What right have we, in the name of purity or impurity, to play the part of self-elected members of God's detective police and pry into the private behaviour of a man whose public behaviour is a help to the country? His private conduct is a question between him and God. Who are we to interfere? The energy we waste in judging others is just what is needed to make us live upto our own ideals. Could compulsion from without make a man a whit more moral? Or can the conforming, conventional, praise-seeking conduct be called pure? Confound it not with *purity*; it is *weakness*. We do not give up a rose for its thorns. A confectioner may be living on husks, but on that ground we need not refrain from eating the sweetmeats of his make. Not that which goes into a man defiles him, but that which comes out of him. What if Swami Vivekananda ate and

drank certain things ! So long as from him come bealthy teachings, we will never mind what is going into him. We have to take the teaching and advice of a man on its own merit, without regard to the personality of the teacher. What have the elements of Geometry to do with the personality of Euclid ? Shall we reject a beautiful picture because the painter was ugly ? Shall we cast aside Inductive Logic because Sir Francis Bacon took bribes ? In this twentieth century, it is high time for us to wake up to a sense of discrimination (*viveka*) and not mix up personalities with preachings. Shall we reject a beautiful lotus because it grows in a dirty pond ?

The greatest cause of India's poverty is discarding the rubbish, dreading to touch the bones of dead animals, and developing a kind of nose-hygiene, sneering at all kinds of what they call debris. And it is the utilizing of these very so-called low things that makes Europe and other civilised countries great. Are not beautiful flower-gardens raised out of dirty manure ? The most dingy smoke and

dirty coal well utilized make a wonderful power in steel plants and other manufactories in America and Europe.

The greatness of Rama lay in his turning the menial monkeys into a marvellous army. Who cannot live at peace with the pure and pious? But a great soul is he whose broad sympathies and a mother like heart embrace in a wide sweep even the sinners and the low.

Let us not waste away our life in trying to eclipse the Sun of True Self in the dust-storm of petty little kitchen superstitions, working thereby the spiritual as well as physical degradation. Sad indeed is the kitchen religion which allows the Infinite, Immortal Soul to be sullied by the foreigner's soup. Pray, do look below the tattered and torn caste-clothes. What are you? Infinite and Immaculate: Immortal Self of all is your Self. It is the ignoring of this inner Equality in reality that creates all the apparent mischief in the world.

The misdirected, hysteric moralists in denouncing and fighting against the personal

conduct of their neighbours, attempt only to remove the froth and foam on the surface of the stream, whereas they do not approach at all the real cause, the unevenness at the bottom.

Who are you who go about to save them that are lost? Are you saved yourself?

Do you know that who would save his own life must lose it? Are you then, one of the lost? Could you or would you be one of the lost? Arise, then, and become a saviour.

Buddha was frequent guest in the house of a courtesan. The author of "*Who Will Cast the First Stone?*" was not ashamed of the company of Mary Magdalene, by no means 'respectable.' O disrespectful Respectability! There can be no union and love in a country so long as we keep emphasizing each other's faults. The secret of the successful art of living lies in developing the mother's heart to whom all her children are lovely, whether big or babes. True education means to learn to look at the universe through the eyes of God.

Everybody must pass through every state, and just as physically every one has to

pass through babyhood, childhood, etc., so, on the moral and spiritual plane, babyhood, childhood is an essential, nay, indispensable step. The so-called sinners are my moral Babies, and has not a Baby a beauty of its own? Those that you miscall "fallen" have "not risen" yet. They are the Freshmen of the University just as you also were at one time.

Some make so much fuss about Universal love and yet keep the eyes rivetted on the ugly points in the character of their proteges hiding the inconsistency under the expression "You may hate the sin and *love the sinner*."

O dear people, you can never love anything so long as you perceive ugliness there. Love means perception of beauty.

Fighting with darkness will never remove it. In a dark room, if we are throwing stones in all directions, striking with the cudgel, right and left, breaking down the panes, knocking over the table, upsetting the ink-stand, and cursing and denouncing all the time, will it remove the darkness? Bring the light in, and darkness never was. So the

negative criticising, chilling, discouraging process will not mend matters. All that is necessary is the positive, cheerful, hopeful, loving, encouraging attitude. If all the mud in the sewers is exposed in the streets, will it bring about any uplifting result? Never. So will not emphasizing the faults of others do any good. Let the flowing current of fresh water of peace and good will run over the sewer and all the dirt will be washed off. It is said that Akbar drew a line and asked his wise man Birbal to shorten the line without cutting or erasing it from any side. The latter drew a longer line parallel to it and Akbar's line was shortened. So it is. Wisdom is to draw the longer line. Best criticism is to make people feel from within what you wish to make them realise from without just as Birbal convinced Akbar from within that his line was shortened. All grumbling is tantamount to "Oh, why is the lily not an oak!" Let us observe the beauty in each. "Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good." From all life's grapes I press sweet wine.

Critic dear, I love you, but I equally love and esteem the man you criticise.

STRUGGLE.—What wins in the Struggle for existence? Love.

Those communities which can put their hearts together, their heads in harmony, and their hands in loving service, though few in numbers, come off victorious in struggle against teeming millions of divided energies.

Struggle is of three kinds: (1) with the unlike, (2) with the like, and (3) against nature.

Where, instead of wasting energy in struggle *with the like* through jealousy, spirit of rivalry, and party feeling, alliance with the like is secured, sure victory is achieved in the struggle *with the unlike*.

“All forms of tyranny have their beginning in kindness” is a saying too true.

And where love even for the unlike is entertained, victory and success in our struggle with nature is guaranteed and the conquering of the elements becomes an easy matter. And all struggle with nature is tantamount to realizing on the material plane

the truth "*I am the ruling spirit of all.*"

WHY IS THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM

SO COMMON IN THE WORLD.

The spirit of criticism seems to be offensive, but mostly it is due to defensive self-preservation. In order that a habit or practice may be given up, a sharp criticism showing all the evil consequences, is necessary. When we see others afflicted by that habit, we naturally want to avoid their company for fear of contagious suggestion. The formation of a new habit and view-point accompanies the breaking of the old; and so long as the world has any room for improvement, the spirit of criticism and comparison will last. It is not the criticising and comparing spirit that is undesirable or possible to eradicate, but the venom in it, which is but giving to the parties concerned a sense of personality. Let us fling aside the vulnerable little "I" which alone makes "*sin*" in ourselves and others; and, cured of all pain, we can look at all deeds and people around us with the scientific indifference and philosophic calm of a chemist or

botanist, examining everything most dispassionately, accurately, and minutely, with no fear of being entangled in the chemicals and plants under our inspection; like the sun as a *Sakshi* helping all and watching all, the briars and roses, the waste and gardens, men, women, animals, plants, ants and clouds.

To escape plague, the only way is to live up to the laws of hygiene. To be saved from foreign politics, the only remedy is to live the law of spiritual health—the law of love for your neighbour.

It is as easy to be prosperous as to be wretched if only we can make the proper renunciations. "Sacrifice averts evil" is a saying as true to-day as in those good old days, only it is not the vicarious sacrifice of innocent animals but the sacrifice (*Havan*, *Yajna*) of our party-spirit, caste-feelings, jealousies, etc., at the altar of Love that brings heaven to us in this world.

TO THE PERSON CRITICISED.

As an equilibrator comes Criticism. It is the pruning process of Providence, helping us to grow more beautiful. When visited

by the scissors of criticism, just retrospect what is passing within you. There must have been a tendency to drift-down into lower feelings, and here is the warning. A man in a light skiff in a tortuous channel beset with rocks, borne by the flowing current towards an unknown sea, is kept alert by the dangers of the situation. As his boat bumps against the rocks, he must bestir himself. If this knock were not useful, he would not heed it. What we know as pain is the necessary danger signal. Organic beings need such stimulus to veracity.

The painful criticism from friends or foes is a nightmare to wake up to your true Self, God. When you are awakened, where is the nightmare? It never was. All loss changes into positive gain the moment we set ourselves right in regard to the law of Love. Poor Cinderella lost her slipper, her innocence drew back the slipper and the king for lifelong companion to boot.

But when we are at one with the All, no cheats will dare come to us. Thieves crawl into a house only when the house is unlit.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of the helpers, of the faithlessness of his followers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the non-appreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat, is the final proof of power. The unnecessary friction, reckless wear and tear of mind being saved, what in the world cannot be accomplished most satisfactorily?

O Love, Sweet Love,
For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.
Now hiding behind the foes and friends,
Now disappearing in the criticisms and praise.
Now lost in pleasures and pride,
Concealed in troubles and pains,
Then out of sight in life's hard trials,
Forgotten in the midst of losses and gains,
O Love, Sweet Love,
For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

Percussions, concussions, of trial and joys,
Hard blows and knocks, all smiles and sighs.
With a wondrous Chemistry, with a strange Electricity.

A purifying process, a disengaging analysis,
From loves and hatred, concerns, attachment, clingings,
Repulsions, from the ore of passions,

Brought out of my heart, a Radium of Glory, O what:

A strange story!

(O Love, Sweet Love,)

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

From my Radium of heart

X-Rays do start,

To the objects of all sorts

Transparency impart

On all sides and parts.

What a marvellous Art!

O Love, Sweet Love,

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

Sarcasms so sharp,

All shakings and props;

Foes, friends, and shops

Your hiding walls

No more opaque,

Reveal you all.

O Jewel of Jewels!

My self, Radium pure.

Thou burnest as fuel

All caskets and purses,

Valice, trunks and curses,

Doors, locks and boxes—

All possessions obnoxious.
O Truth, Radium pure!
O Self, omnivorous sure!
O Love, Sweet Love,
For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

CLEAR SIGHT.

Children *personify* everything. A cloud's roar is nothing else than the growl of an annoyed person over yonder. So do grown-up children give a sense of curdled personality to all those they come in contact with. When anything is apparently going wrong, to quarrel with the surroundings instead of setting us right with the Law of Love, is like breaking the telephone receiver for bearing the bad news from the friends at the invisible end.

The Australian blacks believe that rain is caused by themselves through mysterious incantations and similar other ways, the process being called *Melka*. "When on our expedition," says a noted authority, "we were overtaken by violent tropical storms, my blacks always became enraged at the strangers (the other blacks who had caused the rain.)"

The same old, dark ignorance like the primitive blacks characterises those who fret and worry in any way over the faults of their neighbours. The rain falls and nothing but the impersonal Law of Nature is behind it. The flower blooms and nothing but the same impersonal Law is in manifestation. Just so, Judas knows it not, but in his betraying kiss, nothing but the Law of Love is operating in full force. Who would have remembered Christ by this time but for what immediately followed that false kiss?

The beautiful Joseph says to his apologising brothers, "It was not ye that threw me into the well. The Lord Love, in order to exalt me in Egypt, found no better lovers than my own brothers."

Everything seems so changing, fleeting, and melting in my fingers. I cannot give any sense of constancy and personality to any object, and so how can I criticise? In the lightning flash is seen a railway train at full speed or a passing cloud. We think it to be at rest, stationary; but when we know more of it, we think otherwise. So do people see

things only in the fleeting light of Maya, and on that base their sense of constancy, personalities, and possessions. This is called worldly wisdom. Look at things in the daylight of abiding Truth, the Infinity within, and you are one with Immortal Peace.

The debates and discussions of mankind always prove futile. All attempts to settle differences by argument breed dissension, discontent, and dissatisfaction, and why? The foundation is not properly laid before raising the superstructure. First win the heart, then appeal to reason. Love might hope where reason would despair. The wind could not take the coat from the traveller in the fable, but the heat did.

People are too anxious for agreement of thought and creed. They don't wait for the union of souls. Understanding is *under standing* or *standing under* the apparent forms and seeming moods. This is brought about by love. Unless you feel all, you *know* not *all*. You need not *think* so much as *sink*. If *Love* breaks *Law*, it is the fulfilment of Law. If anything else breaks law, it is fanaticism and.

revolution. Love is the only divine law. Other laws are organized robbery. Love alone has the right to break law. Owning through love is divine, owning through law illegal.

Politicians of India, you have been trying the method of protesting criticism and heart-burning complaint, but things have been taking the worse turn every day. Let us try now the right way. If the other party did wrong, doing wrong in return will only add another black to the previous black but will not make it white. An elderly gentleman was about to spank a boy for showing him disrespect, saying, "Fool, why did you misbehave?" The boy replied, "Sir, I was naughty because as you say I was a 'fool'. Now you are so wise, behave as is worthy of you."

When an electrically charged body comes not in contact but only in proximity with another body, the result in the second body is what they call a charge by *induction*, that is to say, quite the *opposite* kind of electricity is generated. It is the actual contact that

brings about a kindred charge. So when you want to settle matters through reasoning and logic while the glass partitions of caste-feeling and race-feeling do not let the hearts unite, you come in dangerous proximity. The result produced is quite the opposite of what you desire to effect. You cannot know a man unless you first love him.

Love might hope where reason would despair.

Religions, creeds and denominations are worn by people merely like amulets about the neck. All kinds of virtue and efficacy are ascribed to them, and yet after all what little we achieve is utterly independent of those pet charms. Let us redeem our manhood and rise above those favourite superstitions. How long will you cling to those toys of names and forms?

Yes, you must give up one after another, all your pet prejudices, *possessions*, clings, attachments. Your possessions possess and obsess you. You cannot fence out anybody without first fencing in yourself. Hidden in this painful Stripping Robbery lies the

treasure of Blissful Success. The dearest name of God to Rama is *Hari*, which literally means the *Robber*. O Sweet Hari! Some might object. Oh! If I love and yield to the foe, he will eat me up. Rama says, "O you deluded cheat, did you ever really try the experiment?"

On all the doors of life is written "Pull," but you misread and begin to "push." How will the door open in such a case? Pushing is arguing; pulling is drawing within your own self through Love. Heart is the entrance to the jubilee hall of Inspiration; head is the exit. Love inspires, head expounds. Feelings always precede thinking, as the body precedes the clothes. Change the feelings in an individual, and his whole method of thinking will be revolutionized.

What is life? A series of interruptions. Yes, it is so to the people who live on the surface of life, but not to one who lives as life (or love). It is true that "there is nothing so poisonous as the company of gossips, believers in appearances, shameless slaves of shameful respectability," but where the

Lord Love encamps, no impertinent tramps can loaf around. We have no need to shun their company. Law is no law and nature no more than a stubble, if the intruders dare enough encroach on you. except when their services are just needed.

Ghanimat of Punjab in his *Nairangi Ishq* tells us of Aziz, the schoolmaster, poor schoolmaster! madly in love with one of his pupils, Shahid. While correcting the calligraphy exercises of his students, the senseless teacher guides himself by the blurred and slurred scribe work of his pupil-master who was just a beginner in school. Well done! How true! Defects are visible only where our eyes are jaundiced with lack of love. When Lord Love pitches a tent in our heart, day is, as it were, added to day, as if another sun had adorned the heavens.

VERACITY.

There be some who in the name of Purity take up arms against Lord Love, as if purity could breathe a moment's life without love. Some die of love, others die of hatred. But it is a far more deadly crime to harbour

hatred accompanied by Pharisaic purity than love unpopular but truthful. The world has enough of slaves of impurity, but perhaps more dangerous are the slaves of purity concealing their weakness under the name of morality. Be genuine, true to yourself. Live your own experience. There is no master more masterly than your own experience. •

No man was ever pure at heart except through his own experience. Attaching undue importance to the merest trifle of outward purity, nay sex-hatred, keeps you off from the only true Purity—realization of Self. Extravagant regard for sexlessness and practical impotency is wandering away along the tangent line, aberrating from the true course of orbit,

If artificial morality-hawkers leave people alone, the so-called physical and mental cleanliness will be learnt just as easily and naturally as one learns to wash his hands regularly as a mere matter of hygiene, as a simple law of health. To make much fuss against sensuality is to create white divine

human Nature is free from. Let your energy be directed to higher topics, you will have no time to think of anything smacking of carnality.

There are schools which tend to make intellectual paupers instead of training men to think for themselves. Moral pauperism is produced by the giving of precepts. Spiritual pauperism is produced by forcing religious beliefs on innocent boys and girls. Spiritual pauperism and religious intolerance (or fanaticism) are respectively passive and active states of the same disease.

All rivers empty into the same ocean. All loves flow into the one Love. On the bosom of God grows Beauty. This Kamala springs from the navel of Brahma. Whoever loves Beauty must reach and *own* it through the One who sleeps on waters. Verily, Beauty is spirit's home, and the food of the soul is beauty. A soul without a sense of beauty is fit only for treasons, strategems, and spoils. But where is beauty? Is it in the glamour of blue eyes, roseate cheeks, nightingale voice, picturesque landscapes and

fine arts that beauty lies? It does, but is not limited there. It is a sorry æsthetic taste indeed that has to wait all winter before spring brings it joy; pitiable is the state of the music-lover whose fastidious taste must be offended and wounded a hundred times before one satisfactory tune falls to his hearing; unhappy is he indeed whose pleasure is dependent on landscapes, gardens, congenial company, honeyed words, and things outside himself.

The man of Freedom is he whose inner illumination casts a halo of beauty on all around him and from him radiates nothing but divine love. Even in robbers and drunkards the hidden divine Nature gravitated up to the surface while in the presence of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

The hoary-headed Sun has never seen anything but light in the course of his travels.

Is that aphorism of Yoga Darshana wrong which speaks about the love-nature even of wild beasts being redeemed and expressed under the lover-power of the Free?

Is the heaven of all religions to remain a dream for ever if it be not this living love?

WHAT IS PURITY?

To keep our Godhead unsullied by craving, cringing thoughts of limitation and personality. Thorough purity means not to be mastered by outside influences. To stand above the worldly charms as well as repulsions, to stay unmoved by favours as well as frowns, to be unaffected by attractions as well as repulsions through the realization of Pure Self, which sees nothing different, is Purity. The Pure alone can enjoy Nature seeing his own inner "Kingdom of Heaven" reflected in the mirror of all names and forms rejoicing at the view of landscapes and charming sights only as a lovely lady smiles at her looking-glass. The truly pure also can have a love where you do not *fall* in love, but *rise in love*—inspiring love and not weakening attachment or wishy-washy sentimentalism. True Purity alone is true love, and true love alone is genuine purity. Sometimes *moral weakness* passes by the name Purity just as attachment assumes the name of love.

You can no longer enjoy a thing when you become attached to it. A disinterested nature-lover can enjoy a garden, whereas to the so-called master of the garden his flowering property is no more than a perpetual source of care and anxiety. This Purity or love, (cosmic consciousness) is all we need, all other things are bound to be added unto us.

HOW IT COMES?

By glorifying your present state, whatever it be—exalting the Now—will God-Consciousness dawn spontaneously on you and not by running after any Self-Realization, as if it were somewhere away. A child in being true to his own childish plays and appetites does outgrow childhood and achieve maturity and not by aping the ways of grown up boys.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Renunciation; giving up egoistic life. Verily, verily, everlasting life lies in losing the congested life of personality. The absorbing, self-seeking and imbibing tendency to accumulate all the colours in the rays of

the sun makes objects black, ugly and dark. The innocent, liberal and free giving in regard to the colours in the rays of light keeps objects bright and white. The light is continuously being shed and heat constantly given out all around by the sun, the centre and focus of all attraction and gravitation.

Children are sweet because they are not shut up within a stagnated ego. Any party who give us the impression of self resignation and unselfish devotion, irresistibly charms and fascinates. Everybody loves a lover. Off you go, theological debates and philosophical discussions! I know it. Beauty is love, and love is beauty. And both are renunciation. In the words of the Sannyasin of England (E. Carpenter.) "There is not happiness unless you have clean dropped thinking about yourself; but you must not do it by halves. While even there is the least grain of little self left, it will spoil all. I do not say it is not hard, but I know there is no other solution."

O living man, it is worth while to live as Love yourself. Be not clouded by the

imperfect examples of Buddhas, Christs, Swamins, and other idols of the past. "History shrivels before the will of man, even if it would be one man." Be not scared by Time and Causation. Live as Love, and all Laws will be assimilated into you. Be in tune with the inner Harmony, and Time will keep time with you.

O, the tiny hands of the clock! With what iron hands they sway the world. Immortal man, with a vengeance thrown as a slave in the narrow jurisdiction of a dial range! Irony of fate! People are scared owing to non-belief in the solidarity of Nature and the Law of Unity. O Infidelity! to doubt, as if some one else lived in other bodies! Rama keeps no watch or clock, and yet never was behind time. Time is bound to keep pace with love instincts. Let a windmill be properly set, and the four winds will spontaneously be in league with it. So will Nature co-work with you of herself. When you are centred in love, all miracles become possible.

Gods laugh in their sleeves at our concessions and courtesies. O, how ridiculous

perjuries we commit in trying to be faithful to our distant neighbour, being faithless to the Self, the nearest neighbour, A poor tramp begs bread from the lady of a ranch. She, poor soul! envies the freedom of the homeless wanderer. When the tramp is gone, she feigns before her husband to have received a letter announcing the death of her mother. Thinking that the mother may have left some property for them, the husband allows her that evening to leave home for the departed mother's. The lady purchases a ticket and gets off at the nearest station. Away she flies into the woods like a bird let loose from the cage after long wearisome imprisonment, relieving long wearisome burden by laughing a hearty laughter in the wood, Freely she roamed, bought her meals from the country peasants, and slept under a hay stack when the sun set over her head. Next morning she resumes her happy wandering and lo! to her utter horror, what voice does she hear? It is her own husband, wandering with the tramp of yesterday. He had been suffering from the distressing burden of ennui just as

much as she, and wanted a life of liberty and vacation for some time, but neither would disclose the anguish of the heart to the other for fear of seeming faithless. Of this nature are all our pains to please others. To your own Self be true, and just as night follows the case of Adam and Eve, so today the parent of all other sins is the sense of hiding shame. To be oppressed by the presence of others is the greatest blasphemy against the only God that is the Self supreme. In being true to one's higher Self alone can one be a light to the world? The highest Individualism is the highest Altruism. In fact it is a misnomer to call it Altruism. The cant of doing good to others throws our centre of gravity outside ourself. Newton surely was never thinking of others in his discovery of the law of Gravitation whereby he proved one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. Let us dispense with all misnomers. "If a boy says he looked through *one* window while he did through the other, whip him," says Dr. Johnson.

LOVE OR LAW?

Rama urges no law of theories, but the logic of events. Wherever you hear the statement,—The law allows it,—remember you, the fellow is up to mischief. Whoever lives in love lives above law as Law. The only lawful Law is love. To live in love is to live true to yourself. The real Law is myself. To dictate law to me is to sever it from me. Should any laws be laid down for the child, commanding him to breathe to grow, or play and live? Is not his very life law? Like a free bird, a child is seen singing, laughing, and talking spontaneously. There come up the officious visitors soliciting him to sing, talk, and laugh. Immediately the child stops. The playful expressions which were so natural for him turn unnatural the moment the consciousness of being alien to those expressions is brought home to the child. Whoever lives a free life, true to the Self, a life of divine recklessness, all the laws of the world are true to him, being identical with him. He abhors nothing. He curls up from nothing. He shrinks from nothing

What is disease? Contraction due to lack of love; shuddering at the flutter of shadows, crying at the day dreams of danger. In reality there is nothing to be afraid of. All around in *all future*, in all distance, there is but one Self supreme existent, and that is my own Self. Of whom shall I be afraid? Night is just as good as day. Storm is just as necessary as sunlight. Often whole nights pass away without a wink of sleep, and yet Rama is as fresh in day time as ever, because weariness comes from worry for sleep, and not so much from lack of sleep. How happy are the vigils when Lord Love keeps us awake! When the system requires hearty meals, they are enjoyed; but often, no inclination to eat being felt, fasting is enjoyed equally well. Rainstorms of tears bring floods of joy, because Love rides the storm. Streams of laughter flow free; and the joy involved in them is neither less nor more than the joy of tears. What shall I resist? What shall I escape from, when all is my Self? Oh, what a supreme recklessness!

I fret not when fever would pay a visit. I receive it as a friend, and spiritual Truths flash; which could never otherwise be disclosed. All is health. Wakefulness is one kind of health, sleep is another form of it, gentle calmness beautiful, but the storm of hot fever has a charm of its own. True religion means faith in *Good* rather than faith in *God*. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear.

With the rumble of thunder let it be proclaimed. "So long as any trace of external obligation and categorical imperative 'Thou shalt' and 'Thus shalt not' is in play, there can be no room for spiritual growth or true Purity." The Imperative Mood, Second Person, keeps alive in us the limited personality, and wherever there is limitation there is no Bliss, nor any escape from attraction and repulsion, no salvation from attachment and hatred, no freedom from vacillation and temptation. So long as there remains a Limited body in space surrounded by other bodies, how could it give Gravitation the dor,

throw dust in the eyes of the laws of attraction and repulsion, cheat nature, and escape outside influences. The man in regard to his single body lives in the consciousness of unity of Self—despite the seeming difference in the functions of different organs—the same ‘I’ sees, hears, walks, and so on. So in regard to the whole world the *Free-man* lives in the consciousness of unity of world-Self and the differences take care of themselves, even as the assimilation of food, growth of hair, etc., take care of themselves in a single body. It is through realization of one’s Infinity, conquering all sense of difference, feeling our oneness with all, realizing the stars, landscapes, rivers, and all as my *own* and through love *owning* all, that temptations lose their power over us.

When the great sun is shining, what light can the little glow-worm cast? When all is beauty to me and I am that, what shall I run after? What is there in the whole range of world’s possessions to attract a man just one with all objects of attraction?

What mischief has not or will not the
 stinge thief commit, who wants to hide
 the Light of lights behind the bushel of lie
 —the suicidal playing false to the supreme
 Self—thinking oneself other than God?

'No physical action, good or evil,
 No mental action, virtuous or ill,
 No shame or fame, no praise or blame
 Could taint me e'er, nō kind of game,
 Nothing but the flood or glory!
 To whom shall I give thanks,
 To whom shall I turn and look up,
 When Bliss absolute,

When "Light immeasurable" is manifest even
 in Me?

LABOUR AND LOVE.

Give the poor labourer food for the soul;
 give him love, and he will work for you even
 without asking any food for the body. Love
 you the workman; the workman shall love
 your work. Labour actuated by love, can it
 be called *labour*? Nay, it is entertaining
 play.

What is *Art*? Bringing out Beauty in
 what we touch. And what on earth or in

heaven is that which draws out (and unveils) Beauty? Why, what else could it be but Love?

Thus, spirit of love shining upon our labour makes Industry artistic, and produces what are called industrial Arts. Why is there no original designing, no æsthetic workmanship, no Industrial *Art* worth the name flourishing in India in these days? Why, because no love is lost upon labourers. The poor working classes, instead of being welcomed in the heart, are turned out from their own huts.

Where labour is despised, the result is stagnation, decay and death, and *Art* becomes *laborious*. Where labour is loved, life and light abide, and *labour becomes artistic*. Oh, Lord Love! Has it come to such a pass? Love is misunderstood to such a degree that the very mention of the word 'love' suggests to the dear people the idea of cupidity and stupidity, instead of that *divine flame*! Sometimes they make big talk about divine Love, Bhakti, and Upasana. But practically it amounts to muttering aloud some Sanskrit

hymns and chanting certain Mantrams, hardly understanding, not to say feeling, what they say. Vain bullets with no powder! Counterfeit imitation of Chaitanya's genuine burning heart?

From temples, hymns in the vernacular are often heard, sung with most perfect music known to them; but, Oh, dear me! not a single sanctifying tear of love!

Blessed Hindustanis! You cannot be fool God and win His love by calling yourselves *sinner*s and *slave*. Just as you think, so are you bound to become. The inexorable Law of Karma works with a vengeance, and makes sinners and slaves of you when you pray that way. That is not *Bhakti*.

My own Poor Rich! White, towering temples and stone Vishnus erected by you, will not allay the fever of your heart. I know you are suffering. Your pride may not acknowledge it. Worship the hungry Narayanas and labouring Vishnus of the country. Send poor Hindustani students to learn useful arts and industries in America, who, on their return to India, will save

hundreds, nay, thousands of starving people by helping them to help themselves.

A'man, on reading Nizami's *Leili and Majnoon*, cut out the picture of Leili from the book, was hugging it to his breast and kissing it ever so fondly. Why? "I have fallen in love with Leili," he replies. Fool! It is not worth while to take away poor Majnoon's sweetheart! You may have Majnoon's *burning love*, but as to *lady love*, have a living one of your own.

Bhaktas of India! You are all very ready to take up the sweetheart of Gopis and Chaitanya, but how many of you have the pure flaming passion of Gopikas and Gauranga? You will be the darling dear of that sweet Cowherd when you see Him with divine love in the Chandala, in the thief, in the sinner, in the stranger, and all, and not confine Him to mere stone images.

Bhakti (love) is no crying, begging, negative condition. It is an indescribable sense of equality, beaming sweetness and divine recklessness. It is the seeing of the All in all we see. It is seeing your own Self in

where your eyes fall. It is to realize that
All is Beauty and I am that. *Tat tvam asi*
or That Thou Art.

Oh, thief! Oh, slanderer, Robber dear!!

Come, welcome, quick! Oh, don't you fear.

My self is thine; thine is mine.

Yes, if you, never mind, please take away
These things you think are mine.

Yes, if you think it fit,

Kill this body at one blow, or slay it bit by bit.

Take off the body, and what you may!

Be off with name and fame. Away!

Take off! away!

Yet if you look, just turning round,

'Tis I, alone, am safe and sound.

Good day! Oh! dear! Good day!

Mohammedans! You may slay me. But
my heart burns with your love. Christians!
You may misunderstand me, I love you.
Pariahs! Sweepers! if no one will enter your
filthy, diseased wigwams, Rama you will find
there with you.

Feigned love, false feelings, and assumed
sentimentalism is an insult to God. A
genuine flame is needed, even if it be accom-
panied with smoke of lower passion.

Conventionality, customs, conformity, slavery to shame, name, and fame act like a heap of chaff and charcoal, choking down the spark of truthful feeling which may be burning in the innermost heart of a youth, borne down by the dead weight of appearances. Welcome, Truth! Thou alone art my relative, friend, sweetheart, lord liege, and my Self.

Kings! Laws and communities! Bless your hearts, but you have no power to extract any compromise from Rama. Spare your threats, favours, and frowns. My king, the tyrant Truth, is stronger than myriads of emperors, despots, autocrats put together.

They say every tie in the Panama Railway cost a man his life. Whether this be true or not, there is not the least doubt that the march of tyrant Truth has gone on, on the road, paved with human skulls. Happy are the heads that were blessed with the tread of Truth's lordly footsteps.

There can be no love where there is no truthfulness. Lord Love is the vice regent of the tyrant Truth. It may be *vice versa*.

Perhaps both are the same.

But God said,

' I will have a purer gift,
There is smoke in the flame.'

Deep, deep are loving eyes,
Flowed with naphtha fiery sweet;
And the point is paradise
Where their glances meet.

Their reach shall yet be more profound
And a vision without bound;

The axis of those eyes sun-clear
Be the axis of the sphere.

Emerson.

Roar, ye torrents from the mountains!
Roar, oh sea! Rave under the pale stars, O gulf
of death! Yawn blackening beneath. But Oh!
great Heart over the forests, the mountains,
and the seas, o'er the black chasm of death,
in spectral haste, I know Thou ridest, my
Lord Love, and the hungry winds and waves
are but thy bounds, oh tyrant Truth! Thou,
the enternal huntsman.

In the twilight of Galilee, He saw *them*
(the Disciples) toiling and moiling, tugging
and towing, hurriedly rowing, for the wind
was contrary unto them. But there was no

toiling and rowing for the Master. Why should not such a man sleep in the midst of the storm, knowing He would walk upon the waters? Oh! joy! My Love rides the winds and waves.

In Japan three-hundred-year-old cedars and pines are kept as dwarfed as an onion plant. By stunting their outward growth? No, but by cutting their inner rootlets. Not being allowed to strike their roots deep into the ground, they naturally cannot shoot high into the air. So is the natural growth of men and women stifled by the unnatural educators.

Foolish moralists! Religious fiends! Hands off! You have no right to dictate to the young folks. The only right anybody has is to serve. Nature, if allowed to have her free course, will never err. The Law or God that worked up the evolution of man from the tiniest amœba to the human form divine, can well be trusted.

Why are cattle and other animals more regular, cleaner, and better behaved in the control of what human jealousy has styled

animal passion? The plain reason is that the former are not pestered by "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt nots." Service and love, not mandates and compulsion, is the atmosphere for growth.

How can we make the flowers grow? By loving them. A woman raised beautiful flowers in a climate the most uncongenial for their growth. How did you manage it? I loved them, and the means were suggested of themselves. The genial heat of love is the only *incubator*. It makes Industries artistic and brings about beauty in our work.

Confound not love with attachment. Your wife and children, instead of being the circumscribing hedges of your affections, ought to be the centre of radiation of love to the whole world. Says Jean Paul Richter, "I love my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and the whole world more than my country."

How noble are the words of Lovelace (slightly altered) to Lucaster on going to the wars:— I could not love thee, dear! so much, loved I not the nation more."

True love, like the sun, expands the self. Attachment (Moha), like the frost, congeals and contracts the soul.

The first law of Moses means, "Thou shalt have no other God but Love." This jealous Lord Love will not allow any idols of cupidity and attachment to usurp His majestic throne.

A woman complained about the loss of her only child. Rama asked, "Could you adopt a negro baby and caress it as your own? Are you ready for it?"; She says, "No." "Then that is why you lost your child." Inclusive love, not exclusive attachment, is the unfoldment of Heaven.

People complain of the ingratitude of others. Shylocks trying to exact usury on what little good they happen to do. Peace! Peace! little grumblers! God has not only one hand. All hands are His. All eyes are God's eyes, and all minds His mind. In your dealings with anybody, did you ever care whether the person pays you back by the same hand as he used in the act of receiving? He may employ the other hand. What of that? Your customer is not the hands but

the wielder of the hands.

So, really your business is with God (Law) and not with the mere forms that seem friends and foes. God is never remiss in the discharge of His dues. Any unselfish act lays God under debt. He may not pay you by the hand which He employed in receiving, but through some other hand (person), you will be paid with interest.

Why fret and worry, you restless infidel? None, none but your own sweet Self (Law divine) has an exclusive rule over the universe.

What is *idolatry*?

To give the forms of foes and friends a sense of personality, individuality and reality to such an extent, as to miss the Impersonated (masked) *individual* (indivisible) Real Self or Law.

Why is it that the sight of woods, landscapes, rivers, lakes, and green hills inspires, uplifts, charms and breeds ecstasy? Why? Because it relieves us of the sense of limited personality, it takes off the put-on looks which weigh us down in the crowded streets.

The blessed trees and dear water in their impersonal gentleness, nay sweetness, no more force on us any sense of smallness.

Happy is he who turns the whole world into a Heavenly Garden by seeing the same impersonal breath of Life in the throngs of men and women as inspires in the rose garden and oak groves.

BURNING REST.

Millions of minerals, plants, animals seem to be suffered to waste every day by spendthrift Nature. Well, let it be. Nature and Rama can well afford to squander millions of lives and treasures every hour. Where will the thing be lost? Wherever it goes it is in Me. The immense wealth of ancient India was in my left hand pocket while in India; it is in my right hand pocket now that it is drained to England. I am the ocean. The ebb and the flow both are mine. Not by nursing antipathy and retaliation will any good accrue, but by doing your part—love. It is no rash cant that 'love conquers all.' Owning is not to be encompassed by

grubbing accumulation. You cannot keep even a little piece of camphor, bidding; "Camphor, Camphor, stay here, I possess you." But through love you can feel the whole world to be "My own, my very *own*." Through love alone the legitimate owning can be accomplished. All other possession is theft, robbery, violating the divine laws, even though the selfish tendencies of man call it legal.

That tyrant. Tamerlane, who had celebrated his conquest of Persia by a tower of ninety thousand human heads, ordered Hafiz to be brought before him because of the following line in his famous ode :

Agar an Turk-i-Shirazi, etc.

"If that Turk of Shiraz plunder away my heart." "For the black mole on the face of that Sweet Tyrant I would give away the cities of Samarkand and Bukhara."

"Art thou the man," Timur cried, "who hast been bold enough to offer my two greatest cities for thy mistress?" "Yes, sir," replied the undaunted poet. "And by such acts of generosity have I lost everything?"

The poet did not tell the truth. The fact ought to have been put in this form: Giving all to love has brought me wealth enough that I can well afford to give away both the worlds, whereas you, Oh tyrant, in your fever for possession, have lost the leg, have lost the temper, but have not yet land enough to bury you. "A man is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to let alone."

The source of inspiration of all the prophets, poets, discoverers and inventors in art and science, and dreamers in philosophy, has been Love, only in some cases it was more apparent than in others. Krishna, Chaitanya, Tulsidas, Shakespeare. Jesus, Ramakrishna, were inspired in as much as they were lovelorn.

Love divested of all carnality is spiritual illumination. Dear me! The cowards of prophets had not always the courage or light enough to disclose to the people the true secret of their inspiration--love or *Tat tvam asi*, wherever the eyes fall That Thou Art.

People, like planetary bodies, proceed

towards the sun with a desperate zeal. In this manifestation of Love they are inspired prophets. But, after a while, the centrifugal force, or spiritual inertia, makes them go round and round, keeping them away from the sun, turning them into fanatics, tied to the orbits of different creeds. Some move in an orbit very far away from the central truth; others have their orbits nearer and nearer. Rama enjoys this religious solar system. But who would care to play the role of a moth nearing (*up*) and nearing the Light in such a way as surely (*ni*) to lose (*shad*) all sense of *meum* and *tuum*, mine and thine, possession and property, burning the little self (*or life*) in the Light of lights—Upanishad. (*Tat tvam asi*) That Thou Art.

Upstarts of civilization! we accommodate your sciences and arts, but pray push them not forward too much. Lord Love is the sun around which the sciences of the world should revolve like planets and satellites.

Geology treats of minerals and stones so far removed from man. Botany treats of a

subject a little higher than minerals. Astronomy treats of stars so far away. Physiology treats of the bones of man, the exterior skeleton. Psychology treats of the different *functions* only of mind. But Love treats of the realest Reality in man as well as in Nature. It is an Art as well as a Science. Scientific discoveries are only sparks and scintillations from the grand Sun, Fire of Love, or Oneness-feeling.

While the young Franklin is flying the kite, his father Benjamin is watching the magnetic needle crossing the twine. Watch him, how motionless, breathless his body is ! Does he seem to have any separate existence from the earth on which his body rests ? Is he not just one with all around him ? A mere piece of a rock, so to say. His bosom is beating with Nature's heaving breast, and thus Nature's secrets become his secrets. The lightning in heaven proves itself to be identical with the electric spark on the earth. The light without shows itself to be one with the light within.

Love or oneness feeling, when brought

into play between two persons, dispels the illusion of division. The feelings of one party become those of the other. What passes in one breast is revealed in the other, and clairvoyance becomes an established fact, and a clear demonstration is afforded.

“By Me, verily, is all this pervaded, as by the same string are threaded various beads.”

Whatever thou lovest, man,
Thou too become that must;
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Oh, what a blessed food, a delicious food, happy food, to eat our own heart! Nothing tastes so sweet. In the case of Rama, milk sometimes serves as a fine seasoning to that food.

The moon is up; they see the moon.
I drink Thine eyebrow's light.
Big fair they hold, full crowded soon.
I watch and watch Thee, source of light.
Nay, call no surgeons, doctors. none,
For me my pain is all delight.
Adieu, ye citizens, cities, good bye!
Oh, welcome dizzy, ethereal heights

O fashion and custom, virtue and vice,
O laws, convention, peace and fight,
O friends and foes, relations, ties,
Possession, passion, wrong and right,
Good bye, O time and Space, good bye;
Good bye, O world, and Day and Night.
My Love is flowers, music, light.
My Love is day, my Love is night.
Dissolved in Me all dark and bright.
Oh, what a peace and joy!
Oh, leave me alone, my Love and I,
Good bye, good bye, good bye.

When blushing bride by Love doth stand
Says "Yes" with eyes and gives her hand,
Adieu! father, mother,
Adieu! sisters, brother,
The hairs do stand at end,
The throat is choked, Oh friend.

Welcome you are to world so bright,
Welcome to us is God's fair sight;
But remember well
This is the last we tell;
The hairs do stand at end,
The throat is choked, O friend.

The different objects,—big, small, fair,
foul, ugly and charming,—all, all are but

strange hieroglyphics to the living Lover, all indicating the same Love; beautiful characters, all meaning my own Self; fine pictures, all representing the beloved Lord; different garbs of beauty, all clothing the same sweet-heart—Self.

Oh, what an ocean of beauty! What an ocean of love! The dark tresses of the beloved are just as fascinating to the lover as the bright face. So night is just as welcome to Rama as day; death as sweet as life; fever just as welcome as health; the foes as dear as friends.

How blessed is he whose property is stolen away! Thrice blessed is he whose wife runs rway, provided by such means he is brought in direct touch with the All Love. Abraham, says the Mohammedan tradition, at one time desired to take a sea voyage. Khizar or Neptune offered his services as a humble captain of the boat. Abraham at first gave his foolish consent; but on reconsideration, he begged pardon of Khizar, saying, "my most gracious brother, excuse me please, I would prefer to have my boat

without a captain, ferried directly by the hand of Love. If you, the Lord of the seas, take the oar, it is safe riding; but, ah me! it is too safe! It will make me rely on you, and bar me from direct dependence on God. Please do not stay between me and God. There is more joy to me in resting directly on God's bosom than even the bosom of my brother Khizar."

Says the desperate and forlorn lover:—
"Pray, flash on, Oh lightning! roar on, Oh thunder! rage on, Oh storm! howl on, Oh winds! I thank thee, I thank thee, I thank thee. Oh blessed thunder, you frighten delicate Love to cling to me for a moment. How infinitely sweet are the bitters of life! when out of its grapes we can press the sweet wine of delicious pangs of God Love!

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
Take my heart and let it be
Full saturated, Love, with Thee.

Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.

Take my hands and let them be
Engaged, in sweating Truth, for Thee.

Dear Blessed Reader! did you ever have the privilege of being lost, nay *risen*, in love, unselfish love, giving all to Love? Then you must be in a position to appreciate sentiments like the following.

“Soft skin of Taif for thy sandals take,

And of our heart-strings fitting latches make,

And tread on lips which yearn to touch those feet.”

“O my blessed Lord, accept me as the most humble
slave of feet.”

What office is there that Love cannot bless and beautify?

Prabhuji main charanan ki dasi,

There is no great and no small, no low, and no high, where Love is. The hardest work becomes heavenly when the spirit of love prompts us to it. Selfishness will make the highest position most wearisome and tedious. Whatever your station of life, Love makes it sweet. All troubles, storms, pangs and anguish spring simply from the spirit of possession in us. Where is the pain of hell when I love it? All our troubles and turmoils are, so to say, a teasing on the part of Love to wake us up to her embraces. These jerks, shakings, and pats are from no other

than sweet Love. God, sweet Hari, wakes
you pouring forth His love.

Then rise, awake.

Dost hear the palm trees sighing?

It is my heart that sighs

To hear thy lips replying

And gaze into thine eyes,

Then wake! awake!

Sweet Love! see here, I bend to Thee,

Awake! awake!

My loved one! unfold thy heart to me,

Wake! awake!

Dost see the Himalayan snows

That grow and never tire?

They cannot cool my burning love

Or quench my soul's desire.

Then wake awake!

Dost here the Ganges river,

Its sacred waters roll?

But deeper flows for ever,

The passion of my soul,

Then wake! awake!

LUDICROUS FRIGHT.

'They say it was a penniless lad

And nothing, nothing to lose he had.

He heard that thieves were at him still,

They must pursue, go where he will.

Thus haunted, worried, he for escape
Ran uphill, down ditch, into the cape.
He hurried and flurried in fear and fright.
Wore out his body and mind in flight,
Yet nothing, nothing to loose he had,
They say it was a penniless lad!
O worldly man! such is thy plight,
Thy arrant ignorance and fright.
O scared fellow, just know thyself.
Away with dread of thieves and theft,
Up, up, awake, see what you are,
There is nothing to lose or fear for,
No harm to thee can e'er accrue,
Thy thought alone doth thee pursue.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

Whoever walks a furlong without
sympathy, walks to his own funeral drest in
his shroud.

Wisdom and learning are not identical.
They are not always on speaking terms.
Learning looks backward to the past.
Wisdom looks forward to the future.

Wisdom has been defined as knowing
what one ought to do next. Virtue is
doing it.

Wisdom without virtue is a weariness of the flesh. But as volition passes over into action, science into art, and knowledge into power, so does wisdom into virtue ; and where thought does not go over into action, there results mental dyspepsia or moral constipation. Men of mere ideas and no legs are no more than intellectual centipedes.

Says an American humourous writer :—

“I’ve thought and thought on men and things,
As my uncle used to say,

‘If the folks don’t work as they pray,
Why, there ain’t no use to pray.’

If you want something and just dead set,
A pleading for it with both eyes wet,

And tears won’t bring it: why, you try sweat,
As my uncle used to say.”

The power of safe and accurate response to external conditions is the essential feature of sanity. The inability to adopt action to need is a character of insanity. “Change or perish ” is the grim watchword of Nature. Keep pace with the advancing times and you can survive in the Struggle of Life. (India, take note.)

The spirit of all practical wisdom is summed up concisely in the simple and saving advice of Krishna ; "Thy business is with the action only ; never with the reward or merit accruing from it ; let not the fruit of action entangle thee : nor be thou the slave of inaction."

And live in action ! Labour ! make thine acts
Thy piety, casting all self aside,
Contemning gain and merit ; equable
In good or evil ; equability
Is Yoga, is piety.

Be in the struggle ; that is your duty. A true hero loves engagement (action) as never a lover would his sweetheart. In case of death in the field, you bring glory to heaven or truth (i. e., advance the cause of evolution and Cosmic Progress by letting the fittest survive) and in case of victory also you let the real Power, Truth (*Sat*) shine through you. In reality you are the Truth that conquers and not this body or that which is 'consumed in the strife. You are ever victorious. As Truth's self, shine out as energy of Life.

“Either—being killed—

Thou wilt win heaven’s safety, or—alive
And victor—thou wilt reign earthly king.

Therefore, arise thou, Son of Truth! brace
Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—
As things alike to these—pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat.

So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin.”

The true gauge of success being of
spiritual growth and not outward gain or
loss, defeat is as glorious as victory.

“*Shah sawar-i-khush ba maidan goe bizan.*”

O happy knight, you happen to be on the
playground, (world) hit on, on.

A man’s strength of character bears a
direct proportion to the extent of trials he
has undergone.

“Then welcome each rebuff

That turns Earth’s smoothness rough.

Each sting that bids not sit, nor stand, but go!

Be our joys three parts pain,

Strive and hold cheap the strain;

• Learn, nor account the pang; dare,

Never grudge the throe.

For thence a paradox

Which comforts, while it mocks,

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.”

PLANLESS PLAN.

But waiving all conventionality and superficial mode of talk, and appealing directly to the facts of innermost experience, we see that all wise counsels, rules of conduct, authoritative obligations, categorical imperatives, "Thou shalt nots" and "Thou shalt" are only vain efforts to infuse life into one who is not firmly rooted in his own godhead, whether consciously or unconsciously; and these are outside electric charges which can at best but move this muscle or that of the dead carcase, being never capable of inspiring more than a sham life.

"That which is forced is never forcible."

Unless love builds the house, they labour in vain who build it. It is true that the "Miracles of genius were always Miracles of labour," but what seemed "painful labour" in the eyes of others was always most enjoyable play to genius herself.

That lifeless, insipid work which I (personal ego) have to labour out, I better leave alone. If the work does not do itself through you as an efflux of the soul, your

strained exertion furnishes but a poor excuse for doing it. Such dull prosaic work, dragged along by the credit-hunting small illusory self (egoistic consciousness), is described by Shankara as the twin of bondage (slavery).

A boy was merrily whistling in the streets. A policeman objected. The boy replies, "Do I whistle? No, Sir, it whistles itself."

Let a nightingale or dove be perched on the top of a stately cypress, and full, delicious *notes begin instantaneously* to flow from the bird.

Let the little self be flung into Infinity, May you wake up to your oneness with Life, Light, and Love (Sat-Chit-Anand), and immediately the, Central Bliss will commence springing forth from you in the shape of happy heroic work and both wisdom and virtue. This is inspired life, this is your birthright.

• "From himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze,
Views all creation ; and he *loves* it *all*
And blesses it, and calls it very good."

Coleridge.

"It is difficult to find happiness in oneself," says Schopenhaur, "but it is *impossible* to find it any where else."

All great work is done *impersonally* in spite of the prudent little self, and not by it. The Sun simply shines in his native glory as a disinterested witness-Light (Sakshi), and lo! the rivers are unlocked from their snowy cradles, the breezes begin to dance with glee, all nature is set in activity, animals wake up, plants grow on, violets and roses blow on, and even the sparkling flowers of men, women, and children's eyes open up at the mere presence of the Sun's glorious majesty.

You have simply to shine as the Soul of all, the Source of light, the Spring of delight, O blessed One! and energy. life, activity will naturally begin to radiate from you, The flower blooms and fragrance emanates of itself.

If anybody not knowing the art of swimming perchance fall into a lake, he will naturally be buoyed up by the water, but the losing of calm and his desperate struggling

with the hands and feet makes him sink helplessly. So, the care-and-anxiety-worn struggling little ego is the drowning sink for man, says Jalal-i-Rumi.

“Heavenly manna was showered daily to the Israelites in the forest, but
Some graceless scoffers out of Moses’ host
Dared to demand the onions,
And manna was lost.”

What aches the head, bends the back, or chokes the chest? It is walking on the head instead of on the feet. Let your feet be on the *earth*, and your head in the air filled with heavenly joy; invert not the divine ordinance, put not the earth on your head and call it sane living, take not the appearances more seriously than the divine real Self.

They say a man treading the forest in search of mushrooms tramples down oak trees under his feet. Beloved, why should your attention be dead set on petty gains and losses so as to miss the Infinite Bliss (Atman)? Is it the responsibility-ridden, duty-stricken, honour-laden (false) ego that really affects any deed? A flea on the flank

of a horse might just as well claim that it makes the horse run and drives the carriage

Obtrude not the little I (Ahankara) in the way of the effulgent outburst of ecstatic Truth. Trust, trust that Power. The true Self whose presence caused the poor little amoeba unconsciously to evolve up to your human form divine, that Self Supreme, that divine Law is still present; and that God being neither asleep nor dead, there is no fear of fall.

Like birds that slumber on the sea

Unconscious where the current runs,

We rest on God's Infinity,

On bliss that circles stars and suns,

Says the Brahmacharin of America
(Thoreau).

"Whate'er we leave to God, God does
And blesses us ;

The work we choose sh'd be our own,
God leaves alone."

Trouble and pain is another name for feeling yourself a prisoner and slave of conditions and circumstances. Shake off all atheistic delusions of isolation. If the ruling Self of outside Nature were different from your own inner Self, there were no other

course left for you but to wring the hands, hang down the head, and be damned. But, as it is, thou appearest on the one hand as garrisoned by environments, and on the other hand thou appearest as those environments and conditions. The looking glass is in me (in my hand) and I am in the looking glass.

I heard a knock—a hard blow

On my door and cried I "Who is it? Ho!"

I wondering waited, entranced, and lo!

How soft and sweet Love whispered low,

"Tis Thou that knockest, do you not know?"

According to the true interpretation of Musalman Scriptures even the Archangell was hurled into perdition by refusing to recognise the Supreme (God) in man, (Cf. Alastu Qalubala, etc.,) and even the rankest sinners inherit heaven through realizing God (Ahad) in man (Ahmad).

This practical or living perception of "my Self as the Self of all others" is the true saying Islam (Shraddha, Faith).

To call it mere belief is doing no justice to it. It is the "*Ultimate Science*" (or *Vedanta*, Jnanam). It is the Art of arts.

The final test of truth, says Dr. D. S. Jordan, is "Can we make it work? Can we trust our life to it?"

And you can safely trust your life and all to the Fact underlying all phenomena:—"I and my Father are one." "That thou art."

The Law of Gravity might even deceive your trust in it, but the Law of Spiritual Unity never deceives. Just *feel* this unity and you find all creation behaving as your own body. Gold and silver cannot *insure* your life, O deluded Immortal; Thou it is that lends life to Prana, lustre to gold and silver, and light to the suns and stars.

People do not make rapid progress because that load of outside opinion, conventionality and things sitting like the mighty Himalayas on their back (nay, breast) does hardly let a single step be advanced, Free yourself of unhealthy superstition. of limitation. In your mind there must be a liquor which will dissolve the world whenever it is dropped in it.

The universal solvent of Jnanam (Self-knowledge) will hold the universe in solution

and yet be as translucent as ever. Provided you think aright, the heavens falling, or the earth gaping, will be music to you to march by. No foe can ever see you, nor you him. You cannot so much as even *think* of him.

In music, the different notes may succeed and precede each other in regular sequence (as cause and effect); the symphony is not understood by examination and comparison of the notes alone but by experience of their relation to the deepest feeling which inspired the piece, which sustains the piece, which is the origin of the piece and the result of its performance, the alpha and the omega.

So Nature is not explained by dwelling on its surface-laws and superficial causation, but by "its *bëcoming* the body of Man."

Unless you *feel* all, you know not all. Diving into the reality, sounding below the names and forms, passing free into woods and fields, mountains and rivers, into day and night, clouds and stars, passing free into men and women, animals and angels, as the self of each and all, this is Life, this is Self-

Knowledge, this is practical wisdom.

The whole world is bound to co-work with one who feels himself one with the whole world.

Jnana (living *knowledge* of Truth) being realized on the Causal Plane becomes overwhelming *love*, that is to say, oneness-feeling with all and the all, an abiding ecstasy which like the effulgent Sun, although it seeks no fruit, begs no reward, and asks nothing (because it manifests itself as Renunciation on the mental plane), yet reveals itself as wonderful energy and powerful action on the physical plane.

Hence realise Jnanam, Renunciation through love in action.

I have no scruple of change, nor fear of death,
Nor was I ever born,

Nor had I parents.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute,

I am That. I am That,

I cause no misery, nor am I miserable, “

I have no enemy, nor am I enemy.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.
I am without form, without limit,
Beyond space, beyond time,
I am in everything,
Everything is in me.
I am the bliss of the Universe,
Everywhere am I.
I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute,

••

I am That, I am That.
I am without body or changes of the body,
I am neither sense, nor object of the senses,
I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute,

I am That, I am That.
I am neither sin, nor virtue,
Nor temple, nor worship;
Nor pilgrimage, nor books.
I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute,

I am That, I am That.
Within the temple of my heart
The light of Love its glory sheds.
•Despite the seeming prickly thorns
The flower of Love free fragrance spreads.
Perennial springs of bubbling joy
With radiant sparkling splendour flow.

Intoxicating melodies

On wings of heavenly zephyrs blow.

Yea! Peace and bliss and harmony—

Bliss, oh, how divine!

A flood of rolling symphony

Supreme is mine.

Free birds of golden plumage sing

Blithe songs of joy and praise.

Sweet children of the blushing spring

Deep notes of welcome raise.

The roseate hues of nascent morn

The meadows, lakes, and hills adorn.

The nimbus of perpetual grace

Cool showers of nectar softly rains.

The rainbow arch of charming colours

With smiles the vast horizon paints,

The tiny pearls of dewdrops bright

Lo! in their hearts the sun contain

O Joy! the Sun of love and light,

The never-setting Sun of life

Am I, am I.

That darling dear

Came near and near,

Smiling, glancing,

Singing and dancing.

I bowed with sigh

He didn't reply.

I prayed and knelt.

He went and left.

“Why cut me so?

Pray, stay, don't go.”

He answered slow,

“No, no ”,

I entreated hard

“Pray, sit by me, Lord,”

He answered,

“Wouldst thou sit by me?

Then do please sit by thee.”

I—“Do unto me speak.”

He—Enter the inner silence deep.”

I—“I would clasp thee and kiss,

Dear, grant me but this.”

He—“Wilt thou clasp thyself and kiss,

I am one with thee, why miss?”

My form divine

I am image of thine

Why seek the form,

O source of charm?

With thee I lie,

You outward fly.

Don't slight me so,

Nor outward go.

I have no scruple of change, nor fear of death,

Nor was I ever born,

Nor had I parents.

84 IN WOODS OF GOD-REALIZATION

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute,
I am That, I am That.

RAMA.

America.

OM! OM!!

THE SPIRIT OF YAJNA.

While living at Brahma's great Yajna-bhumi, Pushkar, Rama received a letter asking his opinion about the desirability of reviving the old Yajna ceremonies as a means of bringing about national union. That letter called forth the following:—

The highest virtue has no name.
The greatest pureness seems but shame.
True wisdom seems the least secure.
Inherent goodness seems most strange.
What most endures is changeless Change.
The loudest voice was never heard.
The biggest thing no form doth take.

If the sun should say to the mangoes of Bombay, "as I revealed my warmth and light to the birch and cedar trees of the Himalayas, I will not do so to you; you must grow and flourish on my revelation of goodness and power to those beautiful mountainous

gaints," the mangoes of Bombay would be no more. Neither could the lilies of the field live on the sun that shone upon the garden-apples; nor could Shakespeare, Newton, or Spencer live upon a revelation made to Buddha, Christ or Muhammad. So have we to solve our own problems and to begin to see with our own eyes rather than to continue peeping through the eyes of our most venerable seers and sages of the past gone by.

Every statute (Smriti) stands there to say, "Yesterday, we agreed so and so, but how feel you this article to day? Every institution is a currency which we stamp with our own portrait; it soon becomes unrecognizable and in process of time must return to the mint. Nature exults in forming, dissolving, and reforming her crystals. Changeless Change is the essential condition of life.

No one is to be pitied except such whose future lies behind and whose past is constantly in front. Every point in the following discourse could be supported by several quotations from Gita, Manu, and Shruti; but

that is purposely and studiously avoided for fear of being side-tracked (switched off) on side-issues, namely, the meeting of counter-texts and chewing of the dry bones of words. Again, that would involve the positive sin of encouraging the wrong method of education, that is, placing the study of *books* higher than the study of *facts* in themselves.

The great mistake of the great Shankara was that he did hide his light beneath a bushel. Why waste his time in torturing the old texts to squeeze out the truth which was to him a matter of *personal realization* than which there can be no higher authority? Others came and took the same helpless words and forced out their own meanings from the very same texts, the march of truth being hindered rather than accelerated by this well-meant effort. To put it in plain words, the cause of India's present troubles has been the inverting of the natural order, making the living self a slave to the ghosts of old books. The fair mother Shruti was reduced to the sad plight where one of her sons pulls her beautiful tresses in one direction, the

other in some other, the third gets a stronghold of the locks and clutches in his particular direction, and so on. Thus every one freely inculcates what he has to say passing it in the name of Shruti, tending to sully veracity of character. O sages and seers of ancient Ind! Has it come to this that your sons shall have to settle questions concerning their immediate wants and present facts about themselves by the rules of grammar pertaining to a language no longer spoken?

Dear ones! Laws and institutions are for man, man is not for laws and institutions. Some say, "through Bhashya (commentary on religious Scriptures) the future is knit firmly with the past." How beautifully put and what a plausible idea! But have we not already had too many patches and stitches added on to the old garments? Truth need not compromise. Let the whole world turn round the sun, the sun need not revolve round the world. Could the discoveries of Science be tacked on to the dogmas of the Christian Bible or other religious works

as Bhashya or commentaries with the view of knitting well the past with the future? The original sacred texts coming from God should be allowed to speak for themselves. God surely has gentlemanliness enough not to equivocate and to keep the world waiting thousands of years tossing and tumbling from one error to another before His meaning is revealed by a commentator or self-chosen apostle posing with the impartiality of a judge and practising the sinister craft of a lawyer. Can authority establish Truth? Does the sun require a little lamp to be made visible? Does a simple mathematical truth gain a whit more weight if Christ, Muhammad, Buddha, Zoroaster, Vedas and all come and bear testimony to it? Chemical truths, we *know* them directly through experiments, it is the sinful crushing of the intellect to stuff the brain by *belief* in them. Confound not Truth which is defined as "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" with a particular occurrence. Truth is to be known in itself, whereas an incident we may believe on authority. Does Vedanta stand in need even

of proof and argumentation? Why? Mere enunciation of it in the proper form is proof incontrovertible. Beauty requires no outside recommendations to prove attractive.

By singing and enchanting siren-songs, nay sweet lullabies, to prolong lethargic sleep, by tickling the humour of the masses, or by flattering Ignorance, it is no hard job to gain and gather a large innumerable following. But Truth is real and all the moving or unmoving forms are unreal, and woe unto him who sacrifices truth for the mere seeming forms. Let the truth burst forth as it pleases. The Sun of Truth knows best how to dawn. Let it go rumbling and thundering, shaking up and waking up the long, long sleep by the music of bomb shells. I am the Truth, I will not suffer suicide for the sake of having *the form* (body) exalted.

Coming now to the question of Yajna, we shall discuss it independently and impartially from different stand-points.

Havan-ceremony forms a most important and necessary feature of Yajna as ordinarily understood. The most common argument on

the lips of some of its present day votaries is:—"Havan purifies the air and it produces fragrant perfumes." That is very far-fetched. The perfumes, delicious to smell like all other stimulants or "white lies of physiology," exhilarate for the moment entailing a depression of spirits for reaction. Stimulants may help to borrow from our future store of energy but they borrow always at compound interest and never repay the loan.

But fragrant perfume is a very small product of Havan. By far the most significant product is carbon-dioxide, which is positively pernicious.

There was a time when India had more forests and less human population. In those days, the burning of Ghrita and other hydro-carbonates might be a factor, though very insignificant, in helping the vegetation in as much as it generated carbon-dioxide, the aerial *food of plants*. But in these days matters are reversed. We have practically no forests and overcrowded teeming population, and consequently *too much* of carbon-dioxide in the air already. That makes the

people lazy. India needs more *oxygen and ozone* in these days and not carbon-dioxide.

Be it remembered that the *chemical results* of Havan affecting the air *are exactly the same as those of feeding people*. Now, instead of wasting precious *ghee* into the mouth of artificial fire, why not offer even hard crusts of dry bread to the gastric fire (Jathragni) which is eating up the flesh and bones of millions of starving but living Narayanas? That Havan is more needful in India.

Again, what if we feed thousands of poor people for one day. This indiscriminate charity simply helps in breeding *respectable paupers*. *Why all this misery in India ? Through indiscriminate charity.* "Charity," says a French writer, "causes half the suffering she relieves, but she cannot relieve half the suffering she has caused." Charity is to be judged not by its motives but by its results. The *weak-minded Yatri* who pays a pittance to the persistent beggar-drone may compliment himself on having done something to save his soul in the next world. Be it as it

may, there is not the least doubt that he has done something to ruin the nation here now.

The problem before us is to perform the right kind of Yajna—*i. e.*, serving and saving the poor and to perform it in such a way that the act may not defeat its own end. The highest gift you can confer on a man is to offer him *knowledge*. You may feed a man to-day, he will be just as hungry to-morrow, teach him an art, you enable him to earn his living all his life. And the knowledge must be of a kind which will really make life worth living. It is more important to learn the art of shoe-making to-day.

Let every inhabitant of India feel towards all his juniors in rank, wealth, knowledge, or power, as his own children to be helped by him, and without an eye on reward, reap the mother's supreme luxury of utilising the privilege to serve them with the *food of the soul*—encouragement, *knowledge and love*. This is grand *Nishkama Yajna*.

About the history of Karma-Kanda in India, we hope on some future occasion to give a detailed account of it. In those good

old days, when society was not so artificial, and fashion and custom about food, clothing, and shelter demanded little attention from the people of India, when there was abundance of fruit trees growing wild as in some parts of Kashmir even now, when they could live without clothes as the American Indians still do, when the shady trees and caves or small wigwams could afford enough shelter; the pent up speculative and physical energy, having no other outlet, began to express itself in dealings with gods, that is to say, Yajnas of all varieties. All these Yajnas were originally no more than fair and square transactions with gods. They involved no cringing, sneaking, bowing, self-condemning and begging element. They were conducted on healthy terms of equality with the powers of Nature as understood by the ancients. They might be called a kind of "shop-keeping" with the personified Elements, but decidedly they did not have the present "Commercial spirit," although they did involve the principle of compensation and the *Spirit of Commercial* "give and take" bargain.

All these Yajnas turned round an "if." *If* you want rain, perform this Yajna ; *if* you want progeny, that Yajna ; *if* you need victory, some other ; *if* you require wealth, still another, etc.

Thus hinging round one's own "if's" of wants they were only optional (like all duties) and not compulsory in the beginning. By and by, they became a matter of fashion and custom and hence of self-imposed obligation.

Later in Indian History we find them replaced by *Pauranic Karma-Kanda*. We see material changes brought about the Mahabharata Civil War ; the constitution of the nation entirely up-turned by religious and political revolutions ; the attitude towards the ancient gods changed ; physical needs enormously multiplied. People could no more spare months and years for one Yajna, and hence is to be explained the introduction of Pauranic Karma-Kanda to replace the old *Yajna* ceremonies. This furnishes a strong precedent to make the necessary change in our Karma-Kanda without the least damage to our Dharma.

Let Rama observe further that Smriti (or laws), customs, ritual ceremonies (Karma-Kanda) have not only been changing with time, but have been different in different parts of the same country, and the health of a society consists in continuous flux, growth, and appropriate change. "Change or perish" is the grim watch-word of nature.

"In our discussion of Soçial Evolution," says President Dr. David Starr Jordan, one of the great Evolutionists of the day, "we must remember that the very perfection of society must always appear as imperfection; for a highly developed society is dynamic. A static society is in a condition of arrested development. The most highly developed organism shows the greatest imperfections." The most perfect adaptation to conditions needs re-adaptation as conditions themselves speedily change. The dream of a static millenium, when struggle and change shall be over, when all "shall be secure and happy, finds no warrant in our knowledge of man and the world.

So let us adapt our *Karma-Kanda* to

our environments. Our wants to-day are different from those of the Vedic Rishis. The "if's" round which the whole Karma-Kanda hinges are *moved*. The question is not to-day. "If you want more cattle, offer oblation to the God Indra;" or "If you want more progeny, appease Prajapati," and so forth. The question of the present Karma Kanda takes the following altered shape:—"If you want to live in the present century of marching and advancing industries and arts, and not die, by inches, of Political consumption, *do* capture the *Matrishva* of Electricity, and enslave the *Varuna* of Steam, become familiar with the *Kuvera* of the Science of Agriculture." The Purohit to introduce you to these gods is the Scientist or Artist who instructs in these branches of knowledge.

Try not to convict Rama of using heretical language. Everything is subject to change here. The face of the country is almost entirely changed. Government changed, language changed, colour of the inhabitants changed, why should the gods of the Vedic days still remain swinging in their cradles

away up and not grow with the years and come down to mix freely with us and become familiar subjects to man.

Dear blessed people of India! Far be it from Rama to prevent you from seeing the "Ekam Sat" God in the thunder, lightning, sun, moon, wind, fire, water and earth, as did those venerable sages. Do see God in Nature as Nature but something more, see Him also in the laboratory and the science room; let the chemist's table be as sacred to you as the Yajna fire. The old sacrificial fire and Yajna fire you cannot revive, but the old spirit of love, reverence, and devotion you can and you must revive and bring to bear upon the present day *Karmas* which the requirements of the day make obligatory for you. "Is not," as Agassiz say, "to study out Nature to think again the thoughts of God?" Let a spirit of holiness and sanctification breathe over all your works As I cannot lit the alter-fire, I will make the blacksmith's fire quite as sacred. Dear, it depends on your Rama-vision to convert the farmer's hoe into the chariot of Indra.

The spirit of real Yajna is the development of this God-sight.

In not realizing your present *national position*, you are entirely ignoring your after-life or after-self. Don't become such dreadful agnostics (Nastikas, non-believers). Your paramount duty in life is toward your after-self. So live that your after-self, the man you ought to be, may in his time be possible and actual. So live that your after-self, fifty years hence, may not be ashamed of you. So live that your after-self, in the future child of India, may not find itself hopelessly lost.

Orthodox Hindus! clear your conscience, you need not have two Karma masters to serve, you need not add to the clothing which you actually require the *out-of-season* unsuitable suits, left by your ancestors, simply because they have left as a relic for you, as a souvenir of the past world. The crime, which bankrupts men and nations, is that of turning aside from one's main purpose to serve a job off the line of your career. The man of purpose says "*No*" to all lesser calls.

Yajna implies offering to the *Devas*. Now what does *Deva* mean in the Vedantic (and often in the Vedic) language? The light and life giving power. Again Devatas (in the plural form) signify the different manifestations of that Divine Power either as outward (objective) forces or as inward (subjective) faculties. Further *Devata* often denotes a power, considered cosmically as in the world *adhi-daivat* when contrasted with *adhi-atmik*. The Chakshu or sight refers to the sight of an individual; but the *devata* of the sense of sight is the power of sight in *all* beings, known as *Aditya* which is only symbolized by the outward Sun or the World's Eye. The *indriya* Hand means the power in the hands of one person; but the *devata* of the *hands* means the power that makes *all* hands move. The name given to this power viewed cosmically is "Indra." So on, when we talk about the *devatas* of the senses, the word if it has any meaning at all has this signification alone.

Now, what would be the rational import of offering to the Devas in a Yajna (sacrifice)?

Offering or dedicating my individual faculties to the corresponding Cosmic Powers of identifying my little self with the Self of all, realizing my neighbours as myself, merging my will in God's will. Offering to Aditya, for instance, would mean *firm resolution* and decision to the effect that no eyes should be offended by unworthy conduct. Love, smiles and blessings to be presented to whatsoever eyes may turn upon you, to recognize God in all eyes. This is the offering to *Aditya*.

The offering to Indra would mean working for the good of all hands in the land, Each is fed by its own proper food taken properly. Hand, arm and muscles feed, grow and develop on their exercise, work. Thus the feeding of India would mean finding and giving employment to the millions of poor hands, seeking after work in the land. Yes, Indra being fed, the land must be blessed with plenty. All hands being employed, where could poverty exist? They raise practically no crops in England and yet the country is rich. Why? Because Indra, the god of hands, is fed, although to the degree of

indigestion on arts and industries. Putting our hands together for the common good is sacrifice to Indra. Putting our heads together for universal good is sacrifice to Brishaspati; putting our hearts together is sacrifice to the Devata of hearts or *Chandra*. So on with other gods.

In short, sacrifice to the gods means offering my hands to All the Hands or the whole nation; offering my eyes to All the Eyes or entire community; offering my mind to the All Mind; merging my interests in the interests of the country; feeling *all* as if they were my own Self; in other words, realizing in practice *Tat Twam Asi*, "That Thou Art." This is Resurrection as the All, after suffering crucifixion as the selfish "flesh." *This is Vedanta.*

Take my life and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my heart and let it be

Full saturated, Love, with Thee.

Take my eyes and let them be

Intoxicated, God, with Thee.

Take my hands and let them be

For ever sweating, Truth, for Thee.

(The word, 'Lord' in this poem does not mean the invisible bugbear sitting in Heaven, catching cold in the clouds; 'Lord' means the *All*, your fellow people).

This Yajna every body *must* perform. This must be the *Universal Religion*. India! have it or die, there is no other alternative.

Rama tells you what your Scriptures say about the gods becoming visible on the occasions of Yajna ceremonies is indeed literally true. But that simply proves the power of *Collective Concentration*. The latest researches of Psychology show that the effect of concentration increases as the square of the number of one-minded people present on the occasion. That is the virtue of *Satsang*. Now, if Rama alone can materialize any idea he pleases, how could not the hundreds and thousands of people of one mind, chanting the same hymn, thinking the same form, help materializing it?

• But what does it show? It shows that *you*, the real Self, the All, are the Parent and Creator of all gods and *devas*. But these gods and Devas, *your own ideas*, govern and direct

the apparant, false, limited ego, of yours. You are the makers of your own destiny. Remain an abject slave grovelling in dirt and filth, or wear the crown of glory which is your birth-right. Do as you please. Just suit yourself.

Again, Rama knows from the Psychological 'stand-point the marvellous effect of appropriate symbols and signs in carrying home an idea or suggestion. A man absorbed in the concentrated determination of dedication, offering his hands, as it were, in marriage to the Cosmic Hands, if while his mind is filled with devotion and his whole frame is being thrilled with the holy decision, he also outwardly pours the oblation into the Fire, symbolizing the pouring of his little self into Cosmic Energy, chanting Mantras expressing his inner resolve ending with a loud *swaha*; what a solemn Seal is not stamped on the holy deed by symbology! But ah me! Where there is all seal and no deed drawn up, what can be expected of that mockery? Where the idea or suggestion is absent and the meaningless form or symbol is forced upon us, that is like a body the life from which is

departed. Burn up immediately the carcase, nurse it no more ; it is dangerous, destructive. Attend to new forms with life.

They say, "it is easier for the river to flow in its old channel, so attempts should be made to put new life into the old institutions." Rama says, "it is unnatural. Name me a single river ~~that~~ began to flow in the old channel, having once abandoned it ; or tell me a single instance where new life was put in the body deserted by old life. New wine in old bottles won't do. The sugar-cane whose juice has been dried up can never regain its sap in the same form. It must be burned. Structures and objects change their forms and relations, and to the forms and relations once abandoned they never return." Let us make an offering (Ahuti) of sacrificial offerings (Ahuti) in the Fire of Knowledge (Jnana-Agni). We shall have the spirit of true Yajna in the forms suited to the times. There are some for whom Patriotism means constant brooding over the vanished glories of the past. Snails carrying on the backs the weight of an old home in the new

surroundings. Bankrupted bankers pour in over the ledgers long out-dated and credit books now useless! Waste no time in thinking what *India has been*. Call up all your energy which is infinite; and feel, feel what *India shall be*.

History and personal observations prove, that when people come together and eyes and hands meet, there often presents a splendid opportunity for the meeting of hearts, there takes place unconsciously or consciously a mutual exchange of feelings and ideas, and people tend to come to the common temperature of feeling, the same level of thought and an equal potential spirituality. Thus is engendered mutual fellow-feeling and unity. Mohammed's wisdom lay in bringing together before God, at least five times a day, the illiterate fighting Arabs. Thus did he not succeed in creating an organized nationality out of mere chaos?

Yajnas, Tirthas, Melas, Mandirs, law-courts, inns, marriage and death occasions, Sabha and Samaj-Anniversaries and lately Conferences and the Congress meetings have

been the opportunites in India to bring people together. Churches, hotels, exhibitions, excursions, Universities, public lectures, clubs, political gatherings usually bring people together in the West. But the great unifying power lies in those gatherings where we meet in a gentle spiritual mood, there it is that the holy water of (*Savitri*) love, ratifies and cements the union. Abiding union takes place only where the hearts meet. The mere meeting of skins involves no encouraging results, often breeding jealousy and the like. There is no need of attempting forced *surface union*. Friendships, where hearts do not unite (combine), prove worse than detonating mixture resulting in loud disruption. Exertion of the legs cannot always bring two minds nearer to one another. Nor is it the friends and followers whose neighbourhood we really need or should care for, it is by nearness to the perennial Spring and Source of all life, that we shall naturally find comrades around us. The willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. So let us issue from the Eternal Source of all life,

many kindered willows we shall find in our vicinity. You need, in the first instance, only stand by the spring of Truth.

Again, the mirrors in a telescope can co-work harmoniously only when their focal lengths are adequately adjusted. The solar system is a harmonious unity in as much as the orbits of different bodies are at proportionate distances. We cannot work with certain friends if they are brought a little nearer in intimacy or removed a little further away. The keeping of proper proportions in spiritual distances is necessary to secure an abiding and loving unity in the solar system of friendship. Often times people having suffered through their own mistake of drawing near or receding too far begin to mistrust and suspect every body. Love, Harmony, and Union can be secured and kept by observing the proper *diversity* of distances from people.

The national festivals ought to be improved in such a way as to afford opportunities to all classes of people, to come together and by spiritual affinities to seek and flow toward *their own*, fashioning the distance of

their relations according to the Natural laws. The winter national festival might be held in the genial climate of Southern India, the summer national festival in the grand scenery of Northern mountains, the spring festival in Bengal. In autumn they might meet in Western India. These festivals outgrowing the denominational and sectarian limits should become *National*, directed by the representative committees of all classes. There let the Exhibitions of Art and Industry, shops of all sorts, museums, libraries, laboratories, playgrounds, lecture-fields, social clubs, Conference and Congress tents, and last, but not the least, national theatres bring together the people from different provinces, the people of different sects and religions. There let the convivial as well as serious sides of life have display. There let sisters walk and play with brothers, wives with husbands, as in ancient India, there let the mothers be escorted by their children as is already the custom in the Bombay Presidency. And there should also be one *common platform* open to the speakers of all classes,

denominations, and religions to exercise their eloquence of love.

To produce, improve, and promote national literature and to bring about a unity in the living vernacular languages is another step conducive to National Unity.

Om Mandirs might be erected at different places where people of all religions are welcome to enter, read, meditate, silently pray, and cast at each other looks of sympathy, kindness, love, but not to speak.

Young men could take open air exercises together on Rama's system, turning each physical movement into a strong suggestive spiritual symbol serving the same part as the pouring of oblations could play in fixing the divine seal on the mental deed (as shown above).

While bathing, let us sing the suitable sanctifying hymns but not in a language which we cannot understand.

Let young folks dine together on the green swards on the banks of rivers under the shade of trees or beneath the canopy of heaven (as weather permits). Let each

morsel of food be accompanied by an inward as well as outward chant of Om! Om! National songs replete with "words that burn and thoughts that breath" sung in chorus are a potent factor in unification.

Instead of lighting artificial fire for Havan, let the pious youth make use of the glowing glory..of the morning Sun or the Setting Orb as the Altar-fire to offer his dwarfed limited ego (Ahankara).

Disciple! Up. Untiring hasten
To bathe thy breast in morning red.

Do thou dive into that sea of glory and come out of it as the flood of Light, thyself bathing the whole world in thy heavenly lusture. This is Havan.

An effective method of creating love and union among the masses and specially women and children (and hence the future generations) is *Nagar Kirtan*, singing and dancing processions or pageant-shows, passing through the streets, fearlessly proclaiming the Truth.

The most effectual force of all to bring about union in the country is the cruel

persecution and martyr's death of a leader of the nation for the cause of Truth. But it is the living Death, nay, the *dying-Life* of unselfishness that eventually unifies not only one but all nations. Let one live in God, the whole nation can be united through him.

Courage, veracity of character, self-sacrificing spirit and virtue are fostered where the young folks are let pass through baptism of blood and fire, military education.

Neglecting the education of women, children, and the labouring classes is like cutting down the very branch that is supporting us, nay, it is like striking death-blow at the very root of the whole tree of nationality.

Twentieth century descendants of the Rishis! If you understand your *Shruti*-teachings, you shall have to burst asunder the narrow squeezing shell of class and creed limitations imposed upon you by *Smriti*. But even if you don't recognize the true Atman and never mind the Shruti and still want in hot summer to cling to the clothes enjoined for use in the long past winter; in the name

of the wisdom of your ancestors, do please try to realize your situation. The apparent man lives not only in *time* but in *space* as well. Longitudinally (or in time) you may belong to the hereditary line of Himalayan sages, but latitudinally (*i. e.* in space) you cannot deny your relation of co-existence with the European and American matter-of-fact wielders of Art and Science. Do inherit the wisdom of ancient Upanishads; but on the material plane it is only the absorbing and assimilating of the practical methods of Japan and America that will make you fit to survive. A tender oak plant will soon die out, if it keeps merely bragging of the virtue of its acorn and refuses to grasp and work into life the material from the surrounding soil, water, air, and light. For be it from Rama to ask you to give up your national individuality, but certainly Rama demands of you to grow by absorbing the present as well as the past, to assimilate their Science even as they are assimilating your ancient divine wisdom.

History and the Science of Political

Economy show that the health of a nation like the health of a tree depends on the timely *pruning*—emigration. If we send the poor, starving, workless Indians to less thickly inhabited parts of the world to labour there and live, they will survive and India will be through them striking her roots into distant parts of the world. This will break the lethargy of old India which will have lighter burden to carry and less of fatiguing carbon-dioxide produced to poison the atmosphere. If you do so willingly, you have, as it were, hitched the gods to your wagon. Else the relentless wheels of gods go on working without the least intermittance, crushing whosoever falls in their sweeps; and bless your hearts as you don't save yourself from stagnation, take it as you may, God in His tender Mercy must perform the pruning process through famine and plague. "If a man employs his consciousness to work with the law he survives and in him the conscious effort taking up the role of natural selection, freedom from struggle is secured." Such a man alone goes scot-free.

Now some say, "Why should the poor workless children of the soil be banished from home?" This question is based on the strait-jacket view of home. Why leave the four walls where the body was born? Why come into the streets at all, leaving the house behind? You are not a child of the soil and dust more than of Heaven. You are the child of Heaven, nay, Heaven itself. Everywhere is your home. Pin not yourself to one locality. Nor can India shut herself out of the world to-day and keep herself separate. There were days when India was a country by herself, and Persia was another, Egypt still another, and so on; but now-a-days time and space are annihilated through steam and electricity, the ocean has become a highway instead of remaining a barrier, the former 'cities' are now turned into 'streets' and the former 'countries' are now turned into 'cities' of the same one small land called the '*World*'. So it is high time to broaden your notion about 'Home.' All countries are equally yours; O child of Nature and God! all mankind are your brothers and sisters.

Go where you can live the best as a useful worker instead of multiplying the number of millions of beggars that are already attached as a 'sink' (dead-weight) to the Hindu nation. Go in the name of God and humanity, go.

For some to alleviate the suffering of India might be a national problem, to Rama it is international. To some it might be a question of patriotism, to Rama it is a question of humanity. Let my children live although away from me *rather than* die before my eyes. With streaming tears of love in the eyes, Rama bids you Good bye ! Go.

Come back. if you become more than self-supporting in foreign lands. Come back and bless your old home with the knowledge you have gained abroad like the Japanese youths importing Western practical knowledge to their native home. But if you can not more than support yourself in foreign lands, remain there. And if you are to be a workless creeping leech on the aching bosom of Mother India, jump into the Arabian Sea and share well her Arabian hospitality rather than set foot again on India. Love of home

and true patriotism demands that of you.

Rama loves all animals and even stones as much as men, and monkeys are as dear as gods. But facts are facts and woe unto him who lies. The only way for the little relief that Ireland has gained under the monkey grip of John Bull was for the Poor Pat to begin to emigrate and flow and pour into America by thousands every year.

Nor does Rama want to overburden his dear America or other lands with the idle stuff of Ind. As a matter of fact your going to foreign lands will be conducive to your health as well. The trees that grow thickly together are all weaklings; transplant one of them elsewhere away from the original grove, it will grow into a royal giant. When you go elsewhere, you will be an honour to the land where you go and grow. So it was with the present grand Americans, most of them were originally poor emigrants of Europe. A study of the history of all nations demonstrates the coming of a happy change, in the flowing, moving emigrants.

A few more words about Yajna: *Yajna* or

sacrifice is sometimes interpreted to denote *renunciation*. Now that sublime word 'renunciation' should not be identified with passive helplessness and resigning weakness; nor should it be confounded with haughty asceticism. It is no renunciation to let the sacred temple of God, your body, be devoured up by cruel carnivorous wolves without resistance. What right have you to give up yourself to Injustice and Enormity? It is no virtuous renunciation for a woman to give up the sacred tabernacle (her person) to a slave of impurity. True renunciation means delivering everything to Truth. This body, this property is God's. Stand on your watch. Let not Injustice and Inequity meddle with your Sacred Trust. To keep thyself as something different and separate from Truth and then begin to renounce in the name of religion implies appropriating what is not yours, it is embezzlement. To practise charity on what is not yours, is it not sin? Shine as the blazing Sun of Truth, become Truth. This is the only lawful Renunciation? Wait a second, could we call it renunciation? Is it not divine

majesty? Yes, Godhead and Renunciation are synonymous. Culture and character are its outward manifestations.

Any Karma Kanda, rooted in the little ego, even in the old Vedic days, was not calculated to bring final emancipation (Mukti). Salvation results always from Jnana. So the present day Karma Kanda of a duty-ridden, hurrying, civilized slave of selfishness cannot save one from sin and sorrow. He may accumulate all the riches of the world, but no peace can accrue unless one knows himself as the Self of all. There is but one purpose running through and underlying all changes and circumstances in the world and that is Self-realization. And indeed so long as a man's life can ground itself only on artificiality, superficiality or appearances, each new change and reform turns up only a new stratum of *dry rubbish*, bringing no soil to view. So long as perfect health is not realized in feeling yourself the *whole*, all your show of civilization is only a linen bandage hiding the swollen sore of painful body-consciousness. This Jnana or knowledge-

portion of the Vedas is the real Veda, that alone has been referred to as *Shruti* (Inspired Revelation) by the writers on the six orthodox systems of Hindu Philosophy as well as the Jain and Buddhist writers. Keep to this Shruti, Hindus. Change the Smriti and Karma Kanda according to the needs of the day. Thus you can not only retain your individuality as Hindus but also expand and grow as Hindus, as real masters, teachers of the world. Thus you can cure yourself of exclusive stagnation and breathe inclusive freshness. The man working without Self-knowledge is like a person working in a dark room, knocking his head against the wall, breaking his knee against the table, tumbling over chair, receiving all sorts of bumps and blows. The man working in the light has no struggle. The man without knowledge is travelling by catching hold of the tail of a horse, being kicked all along. The man of knowledge rides with ease and positive joy, being mounted on the back of the horse. The work is no work to the man of Self-knowledge. The most gigantic tasks to a self poised man

are as the lifting of a flower's fragrance by the summer breeze. Shankara says that the Man of Self-knowledge does not work at all. Yes, from his own stand point ; because there is no work which can ever appear a task to him ; all is fun, all is play, all is joy. There is no obligatory duty for him, he is the master of his situation, he never worries, never hurries, all is finished for him, he frets not, regrets not, is ever fresh and firm, freed from the fever of "doing."

But can such a one be idle or lazy ? "You might as well call Nature indolent and the Sun slothful." Look at the marvellous apostle of non-work, Shankara himself. Show me a single other instance in the whole range of history where so much work proceeded from a single individual in so short a time. Hundreds of works written, organizations formed, kings converted, splendid gatherings held throughout the length and breadth of India. Work flowed from him just as light radiates from a star and fragrance emanates from a flower.

Rama cannot close the subject without

saying a few words on the great Brahma-Yajna which in the words of Manu brings the Atma-Yajni to *Swarajya*, the native throne of inner glory. Offer up to the Fire of Jnanam (Divine Wisdom) all your sense of possession; all your clingings and designs; all mine and thine; loves, hatreds, passions; frowns, favours and fashions; body, relatives and mind; all kith and kin; rights, wrongs, and dues; interrogating Q's; all names and forms; all claims and charms; renounce, resign. Pour them as oblations into the Fire of Divine Wisdom. Make incense of them and enjoy their sweet smell while ablaze on the flaming altar of *Tat-Twam-Asi* "That Thou Art."

Rise above all temptations and weaknesses by asserting your Godhead. The world must turn aside to let any man pass who is himself. Be God over your world, or it will lord it over you. There can be no hope for those who entertain suspicions or superstitions: such swear, for they take the name of their "I am" in vain. Have you a doubt as to your own Divine

Self ? You had better a bullet in your heart than a doubt there. Does your heart fail you ? Pluck it out and cast it from you. Dare to laugh and launch into the Truth. Are you afraid ?

“Afraid of what ?

Of God ? Nonsense :

Of man ? Cowardice :

Of the Elements ? Dare them :

Of yourself ? Know Thyself :

Say, I am God.”

RAMA-TRUTH.

FOREST TALKS.

No. I.

Civilization.

Stretched beneath the cedars and pines, a cool stone serving for pillow, the soft sand for bed, one leg resting carelessly on the other, drinking fresh air with the whole heart, kissing the glorious light with fulness of joy, singing OM, letting the murmuring stream to keep time, Rama is questioned, half in joke, by a visitor—some upstart of civilization.

“Why do you import Asiatic laziness into America? Go out, do some good.”

Rama:—O my dear Self. As to doing good, is not that profession already choked, overcrowded? Leave me alone, me and my Rama.

Laziness, did you say? Oriental laziness? Why? What is laziness?

Is it not laziness to keep floundering in

the quagmire of conventionality and let oneself flow down the current of custom and fashion and sink like a dead weight in the well of appearances and be caught in the pond of possession and spend the time, which should be God's, in making gold and call it "doing good?" Is it not laziness to practically let *others* live your life and have no freedom in dress, eating, walking, sleeping, laughing, and weeping, not to say anything of talking? Is it not laziness to lose your Godhead? What for is this hurry and worry, this break-neck hot haste and feverish rush? To accumulate almighty Dollar like others, and what then? To enjoy as others? No. There is no enjoyment in running after enjoyment. O dear dupes of opinions, why postpone your enjoyment? Why do'nt you sit down here in this natural garden on the banks of this beautiful mountain-stream and enjoy the company of your real blood relations—free air, silvery light, playful water and green earth—relations of which your blood is really formed? Hard bound in caste are the civilized nations. They separate themselves from

fellow-beings and exile themselves from free open Nature and fresh fragrant natural life into close drawing rooms—dens and dungeons. They banish themselves from the wide world, excommunicate themselves from all creation, ostracise themselves from plants and animals. By arrogating to themselves airs of superiority, prestige, respectability, honour, they "cut themselves into isolated stagnation. Have mercy, my friends, have mercy on yourselves.

The wealth swept out of the possession of more needy and added to your property by organised craft will enable you simply to have sickening dinners of hotels and taverns and furnish you with pallid countenances and conventional looks, will imprison you in boxes called rooms, choked with the stink of artificiality, will keep you all the time in the *restlessness* of mind excited by all sorts of unnatural stimulants—physical and mental. Why all such fuss for mere self-delusion?. In the name of such supposed pleasures lose not your hold on Real Joy, no need of beating about the bush. Come, enjoy the Now and

Here. Come, lie with me on the grass.

Don't you waste away your life in soliciting the favour of silver or gold to *insure* your life. Can your *life* be *insured* by becomming rich in money and paying in time? Don't you believe it, O deluded Immortal! Why seek excuses for existence in rush and push about dairry trifles?

"The world is much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon;
The winds that would be howling at all hours
And are up gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn"—

Wordsworth.

The so-called advanced nations of Europe and America are only in advanced stages of mortification. Advancement means spiritual

or intellectual advancement. True progress must touch the real man and not waste itself on his mere shadow. Progress has nothing to do with material riches or with the multiplying of unnecessary necessities. The ancient Aryans, writing magnificent works, living unsophisticated, free lives and owning nothing in the world, led a mode of life to be repeated by History again with proper modifications. Present civilization is side-tracked from its main end. Man is talked of just as they speak of corn and wheat; prices rising and falling. Rise above it. Nothing can set a price on you.

Beloved devotees of Show, to you the Aryan ideal of *Sanniyasa*, Renunciation, appears as idle dreaming. Be on your guard, please, the time is ripe to shake you and wake you up and make you realize what a terrible nightmare you were under. The civilized man without renunciation through love is only a more experienced and wiser savage.

Be not charmed by glamour, artificiality, conventionality, money-madness of the

civilized world. These have proved a failure. These were tried in the fire and found wanting like wood, hay, or stubble. Half the population is dying of starvation, the other half is buried under conspicuous waste, superfluous furniture, scent bottles, affectations, galvanized manners, all sorts of precious trifles, squalid riches, and unhealthy show.

Neither mental nor manual labour is incompatible with health and longevity *except the one is maintained at the expense of the other*. But in the present-day world some are living on (rather dying of) manual labour, others are perishing from the luxury of intellectual dissipation (mental strain). This is like dry bread being divided among some members of the family and mere butter (or garnishing) distributed among some others.

The self-condemned slums of the Universe are those who possess any thing, the real Shudras are those who claim anything, the self-impeached prisoners in dingy dungeons are those who own anything, the pitiable atoms are those who are for accumulation. These suicides choking and strangling themselves in

the dirty dust of riches calling themselves kings and presidents, some drowning themselves in the depth of darkness calling themselves doctors and philosophers, some be foundered in the quagmire of weakness and nervousness calling it *strength*, bottom-like taking air of superiority at their very ludicrous conditions, self-hypnotised to fish on dry floor—helplessly suffering from the nightmare of possession and property, these self-persecuting strange ascetics need emancipation and waking up. Down with the prerogatives and presumptions of wealth, knowledge, titles, and authority. Equality is the law of happiness. Savage greed, the animal instinct of clutching, grasping, and the worse than animal tendency to possess and accumulate keeps them hurried, worried, and flurried. Let the typhoid fever of arrogance and vain ambition be allayed. Let the inexorable Truth be instilled and drilled into every ear: “Just inasmuch as thou hast possessed anything, thou hast been possessed and obsessed.”

Be not oppressed by the pressure of

Civilization or the ways of the world around you, O aspirer after Truth! Be not handicapped by the show and display of the so-called advancing nations. Their "facts and figures" are mere trickery of the senses, fables, and fictions; and their "hard cash or stern reality" is mere gossamer and will-o'-the-wisp. In the twentieth century the day is not far off when the progressing nations must change their forms of government or ways of living and fashion them on the principles of freedom and Vedanta. In renouncing the sense of possession, in adopting the spirit of Vedantic renunciation lies the salvation of nations as well as of individuals. There is no other way.

In all the civilized Western countries, suffering from the fever of thirst to accumulate, indigenous forces are strongly at work which soon, very soon, must wake up the self-stifled grubs from the nightmare of Possession. The Reign of Renunciation is to bless the world, the Kingdom of Freedom.

Ques.—Do you mean to advocate a new faith?

Ans.—Rama is no *advocate* of any idea. Truth advocates itself. Rama simply offers no resistance to the Master, just keeps himself transparent, lets the light shine free. Let it shire in any form. Let the body, mind, and all be consumed by the flame! There can be nothing more fortunate, message delivered, kill the messenger.

Ques.—Do you play the *role* of an apostle or prophet?

Ans.—No. That is below my dignity. I am God itself and so are you. The body is my vehicle.

Ques.—It (your message) won't succeed. People are not *prepared* to receive it.

Ans.—What is that to me? I (Truth) never march on these *catchpenny considerations*. Ages are mine, Eternity is mine. If Christ was rejected by his own people, the whole world took him up. If rejected by his own time, the succeeding ages were his.

Ques.—History does not bear out your thought.

Rama—Your History is incomplete. That chapter in History which this Truth is

to write, you have not read yet. History shrivels up before Will, even if it be the will of one man. History loses itself on the study of symptoms missing the intrinsic cause.

Ques.—According to Emerson, true bond of love is *feeling alike*, and you, a typical non-Conformist, don't seem to agree with *any body*, what a loveless life you must be dragging!

Ans.—I exult in looking at my paintings (world) from different stand-points. Here I view them as a conservative from behind; there I watch them as a progressive liberal from the front; as Rama (or Puran) I examine from the right; as a critic (of the *Thundering Dawn*) I inspect from the left. All these poses and side-views are entirely mine. When a milk-woman is churning out butter, the string in the right hand is being pulled by herself as well as that in the left hand. All views being *mine own*, how could I differ from any body? Thus am I the ocean of Love surging in *different* waves. I agree to differ from each and all. Come, enjoy with me this *Agreement in difference*.

Ques.—Is it not *mysticism*? How can one individual be identified with another individual who lives in complete separation from him?

Ans.—Well, let it be so. I also wonder that to all *appearance* we cannot be one, and yet we are *one*.

Lame Philosophy may not be capable of proving it, senses may be helpless in showing it; *yet it is so*. When reality is realized, appearances vanish. Love demonstrates it "*That Thou-Art*," God Itself thou art.

Ques.—Why do you say *God-Itself*?

Ans.—Some worship God as *Father in Heaven* and address It as He. Some worship God as Mother Divine and ought to address It as She. Others worship God as beloved sweet-heart (like Persian poets), so before using any personal pronoun for God we ought to determine whether God is Miss, Mrs., or Mister.

Ques.—Then what is God?

Ans.—Neither Miss, nor Mrs., nor *Mister*, but *Mystery*.

FOREST TALKS.

No. II.

Property.

Most of the following was originally written in reply to a question asked on the road just before the parting of ways.

* * * *

Was it you, Blessed one, who once asked Rama's views about "Property-rights"? or, if you excuse me for the correction, "Property wrongs"? Well, whoever it may have been that put the question, in Rama's eyes it was your own noble self, whether in this body or some other.

What is *Property*?

• That which is *proper* to one or *right* for a being (or thing).

Inherent lightness, combustibility, etc., are the properties of Hydrogen but the glass

which holds the gas can never be its property. So manhood, nay, Godhead is your property, but the house in which you live or jewellery can never be your property. People are willing to lose their birthright, their natural Property—Godhead, but how persistently they make fun of themselves by tenaciously clinging to house, gold, and the like regarding these their property! What a huge joke!

All divisions and distinctions on the riches and possessions are quite as unnatural as mankind's classification by shoes.

Rama proclaims by this that the only veil or hindrance to the realization of Self is the usual sense of property, the rights of bundles and baggage. The very moment we want to possess a thing, possessed we are by the demon of Self-delusion. Renunciation, or you may call it *All-Possession*, by identification with Truth is Vedanta pure and simple. Perfect Democracy, equality, throwing of the load of external authority, casting aside the vain accumulative spirit, throwing overboard all prerogatives, spurning the airs of superiority, and shaking off the

embrassments of inferiority, is Vedanta on the material plane. And Vedanta carries that spirit on the mental and spiritual planes as well. Giving up the exclusive claim to any thing and everything including the body, intellect, writings, sayings, house, family, reputation, prestige, is Vedanta. In other words, destroying all hedges and limitations, fencing not yourself in by fencing others out, but as God regaining supreme dominion over every power, atom, star, and tree in the world is Vedanta. Many organized attempts are being made (often unconsciously) to pave the way for the realization of Vedanta by the world at large. The flag of Sannyasa must eventually wave all over the world.

Some Vedantins are already living a life of perfect Love-Government and in some quarters the flame has been kept alive from prehistoric times.

Just think of a sage sitting on the bank of the Ganges while cows, dogs, fishes, and birds, emboldened by his love, fearlessly approach and share with him the loaf of bread from his hands. Let me cite an extreme case.

I know of a Swami whose body was suffering from a severe wound. Worms were eating up the skin, no ointment to kill the worms would he use, or when the satiated worms fell down from the pus of the sore he would pick them up, and laughingly, smilingly help them on to the sore part. This little body belongs to every insect in the world and the wide world belongs to me. The universe is my body. Air and earth are my dress and shoes.

Swami means a continuous giver. Keep to Truth and let everything else go. A Sannyasin, the only alms taken by whom are given away to the more needy, when he has nothing more to give, very cheerfully does he give away his body to flies, worms, and reptiles, and, as the Self of all, he enjoys in the capacity of receiver as well. He enjoys as flies and worms while partaking of the feast of flesh; he enjoys as air and heat while drying up the bones.

*Ordinary Charity:—*The sense of possession has taken such a turn, and things have come to such a pass that to give back a

nominal moiety of the wealth, which has been accumulated by degrading, impoverishing and hard pressing one portion of society, is called noble charity, as if to pour a little water into the mouth of a dying victim to prolong his tortures were the highest virtue. To charge no *vyaj* (which originally means in Sanskrit, fraud, craft, and nowadays designates *interest*) is considered great favour. because *vyaj* is the order of the day.

This describes the charity of Europe and America. Indian charity, however, does not trouble itself so much about the starving or labouring classes (Sudras), but it takes the charitable donors straight to Heaven by feeding the oversatiated idlers, in the store-houses of God, the high representatives of religion petrified.

I shall make simplicity fashionable. What makes you more attractive? Is it the clothes that conceal you or the grace that reveals you? No need of borrowing beauty from clothes or anything. Wear natural smiles, health, and cheerfulness.

Let any body come and steal. Let the

poor government make a fool of herself by becoming possessed of possessions. What is that to you? You give not your portion up. Truth, truth is your Self. Certainly not for the "salt sea spray" (of material riches) but for Truth you stand up. Shall we require any University Degrees? Nonsense. The final Degree must be self-conferred.

It is true that a dream-built sword is necessary to vanquish a dream-tiger. But from the stand-point of wakeful consciousness both the sword and the tiger of dreamland do not count anything. Just so with the empirical sciences and arts: however indispensable they may be as worldly knowledge, they carry no value in Divine Wakefulness. One of the great stumbling blocks in the way of self-realization is the deference and abnormal respect for intellectual capital—University-degrees, certificates, titles, honours, and other mental possessions. To a man of realization the world is simply the creation of the hypnotism of people, who in this self-created bedlam keep each other in countenance by mutual suggestion. All the objects in the

world are simply like the lakes created by a hypnotized man on dry floor, and being of such nature, the knowledge of those objects also, on which the Doctors and Professors pride and take airs of superiority, is nothing more than hypnotism. The world is but etherial and so is the knowledge of these people. To a man of realization who has risen to the fountain-head of all worldly phenomena, neither the great spheres, the rivers, the mountains, the suns and stars appear as surprising, nor the *knowledge* of such phenomena as possessed by astronomers, mathematicians, botanists, geologists, and zoologists appears to be of any intrinsic value beyond mere play, amusement, and fun. The people who possess worldly objects (capitalists) and those who possess the *knowledge* of objects (Scientists) stand on the same level with those objects, that is to say are phenomenal. The frowns and favours, criticism and suggestions of the Doctors, Philosophers, and Professors fall flat upon a man of God-Realization, have no meaning to him. Usually Universities, shows, and fairs are nothing

short of different means to prolong the hypnotic state. As a rule, churches, temples, gatherings, and meetings are different methods of prolonging the hypnotic world-sleep. The *jiwanmukta* feels no surprise or wonder if the sun were to cool down to the freezing point, or if the moon were to rise in temperature to the highest degree, nay, even if the flame of fire were to burn below the fuel instead of above it, or all space were rolled away like scroll.

There was a time when the Brahmans (Priestcraft) ruled the world; there was an age when the Kshatriyas (Chivalry) reigned; these are now the days when Vaishyas (Capitalists) govern; and next is coming the era of the supremacy of labour in Sudras, but Sudras blessed with the spirit of Sannayasa.

In Europe and America, the *working class* (the Sudra caste) is not stereotyped and rigidified by rules of heredity and religious injunctions, and yet matters are very unsatisfactory. In India the evil and injustice is doubly multiplied by the caste-system coming to aid the self-delusion of all the parties.

This prevents *strikes* but makes the whole nation more helpless and more timid than innocent sheep.

Up to this time Vedanta has been the exclusive property of a few only. It has lived on the intellectual plane mostly. This child, conceived so long ago, remained in the womb of the earth (the Himalayas), but it comes down at last to the plains as the holy Ganges, washing alike the Brahman and the Sudra, purifying man as well as God, sweeping away all unnatural differences. Organic man should be one, which is seldom felt. Just as regular meals you need to take consciously but the assimilation or distribution of the food material into *different* parts and organs of the body takes care of itself unconsciously to you, while you concentrate in unity and integration (love and divinity) the differentiation and appropriate variation will take care of itself.

•
• O Princes, Priests, Sudras, and ruling classes of India! Can you conceive the state of affairs a few years hence? Call it odd and curious, yet I see before me a world of

Swamis; gods walking on the face of the earth; clay-classifications of Man swept away; the distinctions in India, China, America, England, etc., dissolved; new crystals springing up to be dissolved again in their turn.

O dreaming darlings! Cast away the scales from your eyes and see the highest Sannyasins joining hands with the lowest Sudras; lo! there is the begging bowl converted into a spade or hoe. Sannyasins shorn of their laziness, Sudra—labour exalted to the dignity of Sannyasa, the spirit of renunciation actuating all, shameless boldness of a harlot and the purity of Rama combined, the tenderness of a lamb wedded to the resolute interpidity of a lion; the extremes meet and the intermediate unnatural distinctions dissolved, the world becomes one family. See all this, look there and see!

Shall we require sword or fire? No. Any police? No. Is it Utopia? No, flimsy phantom this. Is it communism or socialism? May be. But for India it is the native growth, the most natural application of

Vedanta. O Indians, if you know yourselves and adopt this renunciation, where will the disease be? When the mental malady is gone, material disease is bound to flee. No need of underhand work, no need of policy playing, no need of suspicion and fear. Let that be followed by the timid *Deicides*.

I am Emperor Rama, whose throne is your own hearts. When I preached in the Vedas, when I taught at Kurukshetra, Jerusalem, Mecca, I was misunderstood. I raise my voice again, My voice is your voice. *Tat Twam Asi*. Thou art all thou seest.

Some of you are scowling. Some of you I see have turned up your noses at an angle of thirty degrees. Some of you have thrown off the paper in disgust. Do what you please but the Dispensation must work. No power can prevent it, no kings, devils, or gods can withstand it. Inevitable is Truth's order. Faint not. My head is your head, cut it if you please, but a thousand others will grow in its place.

Shams-Tabrez sings the same melody. Did the sweet Bullah and powerful Gopal

Singh of the Punjab chant the same song?
Did Jesus babble the same Truth? Did
Mohammad see the same Crescent moon?
That is nothing to me. My *Id* comes when
I see *her*. Old truth is ever new. Your *Id*
comes when you realize for yourself. All the
prophets and saints, the heroes of your self-
ignorance, are merged in you the moment
you wake up to your real Self, *God-Truth*.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

FOREST TALKS.

No. III.

Reformer.

"Higher and still higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The deep blue thou wingest
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest."

Shelley.

THE HOLY SHADOW.

(Translated from French by Ruth Craft)

Long, long ago there lived a saint so good
that the astonished angels came down from
the Heaven to see how a mortal could be so
godly. He simply went about his daily life,

diffusing virtue, as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

Two words summed up his day:—he gave, he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips. They were expressed in his ready smile, his kindness, forbearance, and charity.

The angels said to God: „O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles.”

God replied: “I consent; ask what he wishes.”

So they said to the saint: “Should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick?”

“No,” answered the saint, “I would rather God should do that.”

“Should you like to convert guilty souls and bring back wandering hearts to the right path?”

“No: that is the mission of angels. I pray, I do not convert.”

“Should you like to become a model of patience attracting men by the lustre of your virtues, and thus glorifying God?”

“No,” replied the saint, “if men should

be attracted to me, they would become estranged from God. The Lord has other means of glorifying himself."

"What do you desire then?" cried the angels.

"What can I wish for?" asked the saint smiling.

"That God gives me His grace; with that should I not have everything?"

But the angels wished: "You must ask for a miracle, or one will be forced upon you."

"Very well," said the saint, "that I may do a great deal of good, without ever knowing it."

The angels were greatly perplexed. They took counsel together and resolved upon the following plan: Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind him, or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort sorrow.

And so it came to pass: when the saint walked along, his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, made

arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom, gave clear water to dried up brooks, fresh colour to pale little children, and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

And the people respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracles. Little by little, they came even to forget his name, and called him only "The Holy Shadow."

ब्रह्म सत्यं जगन्मध्या जीवो ब्रह्मैव ना परः ।

Sense in English.

Let Truth gain such immense proportions for you that before its magnitude all appearances and the vanity-show of purses and persons may volatilize into evanescence. And when your identification with Truth is true and real, the shafts of malice shall not penetrate you, the rhinoceros shall find no point wherein to drive his horn, the tiger shall find no room to fix his claws, the sword

shall find no place to thrust itself, cannon balls raining on your body shall not touch *you*.

Your league should be with Truth alone. Even if you are obliged to stand alone, live with Truth, die with Truth. If on the ethereal heights of Truth-life thou art left alone, the sun of righteousness should be companion enough for you. Comrades will begin to pour in by taking the living suggestions from you. The organization thus formed will be natural. Don't run after organizing by compromising. I do not want to make any converts and gather any followers, I simply live the Truth. Truth requires no defence and defenders. Does the sun-light require any apostles and messengers? I don't spread the Truth, the Truth speeds me and spreads itself.

Say the Evolutionists on *adaptation*. "The world is not on the whole a hard world to live in, if one has the knack of making the proper concessions. Hosts of animals, plants, and men have acquired this knack and they and their descendants are able to hold their own in the pressure of what is called

the Struggle for Existence.' Yes, one who possesses the Art of Living is a Rishi, all the world must harmonize with him because he harmonizes with all the world. How could obstacles present before a person in accord with the *all* through renunciation of the desiring little self? But the people are very apt to misapply this principle of Science." "*The child of altruism alone survives.*"

What is altruism?

Does it mean continuous looking out what the people are *expecting*, what they would like, desire, and approve of? Does the "knack of making concession" imply *conformity* to the opinions of the people? or is it the fever of "doing" that constitutes the Service of Humanity?

No. *Truthful Individualism* is the only true altruism. He who simply keeps himself *well attuned* to cheerfulness and love and gives out plainly the Truth as revealed to him without distorting it in the name of Concession or conformity, such a one alone will survive in the long run.

When an apparently new and startling idea is struggling out in your breast, rest assured that thousands around you must also have at least felt the same way if not definitely conceived the same thought; just as while one melon is ripening in a field, thousand others must also be growing under the influence of the same season. When one leaf, petal or stamen begins to form on a tree or one plant begins to push its way above the ground in spring, there are hundreds of thousands all around just ready to form. A new spiritual, moral, or intellectual birth is ever sacred—as sacred as a child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to conceal it.

In being true to your Self you will be astonished to find yourself true to All. Concession. Renunciation, Conformity in favour of Truth and Truth alone is sinless. Respect for persons, appearances, titles, riches, learning, and forms is *idolatry*. Worldly wisdom is only excuse of Ignorance.

“With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the Sea is long Moon silverd roll;

For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting ?

All the fever of some differing soul"

"Bounded by themselves and unregardful,

In what state God's other works may be,

In their own tasks all their powers pouring

These attain the mighty life you see."

"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he

Who finds himself loses his misery."

Be it life or death I care only for reality.

Be it sin or sorrow, I will be true to the inner genius.

O Truth, I love Thee; O Love, I am true to Thee.

A great malevolent force is the anxiety of the part of "workers" "to accomplish" something, to *achieve ostensible* results, that the matters may begin to show, that the registers may record the largest possible number of converts and followers. The anxiety for "facts and figures" works all sorts of mischief. There may be venom enough in a dead body to infect a nation, does it prove the greatness of the carcass? Often times to that amounts the contagious spread of some creeds.

People are too eager to see the trees,

planted by them, fructify and to eat the fruits thereof. This implies lack of faith and selfishness. Jesus, Nanak, and some others made their bodies the humble manure of trees which bore fruit many generations after them.

Some speakers are ambitious only to gather like comets a conspicuous tail of trailing show behind them where the huge nebulous appendix, despite its length and size, has practically no weight at all.

The fireworks-illumination attracts crowds, but directly after the show is over, no trace is left behind. And who could ever improve in the firework's light the restless jumping Jack? It is the continuous steady light—let it be even the humble candle lights—that truly serves and blesses.

Throw not your centre of gravity outside yourself. Pure love and self-sacrifice is the requirement of character, good to others is only contingent.

As journeys the Earth, her eye on the Sun through
the heavenly spaces,

And radiant in azure, or Sunless, swallowed in
tempests,

Falters not, alters not journeying equal sunlit or
storm-girt,

So, Thou, Son of Earth, who hast force, Goal, and
time, go still onwards.

There is a tendency in India to reject a worker's service in this line because of his fault in that line, for instance to reject the teachings of a preacher because his personal habits of living are not acceptable. Thus co-operation has become next to impossible in the country. This tendency amounts to rejecting the cow her milk because the cow is not fit for riding purposes, or not riding a mare because she yields no milk.

The clear observation of Naturalists shows that the race is not "to the swift" nor "the battle to the strong," but to them who can keep together. Prior to *competition* is *Combination*. How is combination to be secured among mankind? Any combination for combination's sake is doomed to fail. Natural organisms *like our body* are unconscious. All Science is the out-come of mutual help, co-operation, unity and common work, but no two Scientists need live together. In

faithfulness to the same Truth consists the organization of Scientists. Children have a common practical religion of love, play, and innocence all over the world. This *unity* comes about by the natural faithfulness of each child to his dear sweet Self. The desire to be well thought of by one's fellows often enough ruins the veracity of character. This is the foundation of hypocritical society. The additional pressure that is brought to bear upon one by his desiring to please others, who may have abnormal or perverted tastes, leads him into many things he would otherwise desire not to do. Drinking habits are usually induced by sympathy and regard for drinking friends.

Truth is the good. Following truth is the only doing good. Truth makes you strong. Truth makes you free. Independence of outer authority and law is secured by being a law to oneself. This is *Honour*. 'Might does not make right,' but that which is right will justify itself in persistence, and persistence is strength (or might). That which is weak dies. *We only know God's*

purpose by what he permits. In the Book of Nature, God with His own fingers writes so clearly and unmistakably: *There is no Sin but weakness*, and it is born of Ignorance.

That which persists and grows must be in line with God's purpose. A law is only an observed generalisation of what is. The Gospel of Nature gives us the following law:

"Whatever is right shall justify itself sooner or later by becoming might." Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch! Nay, you may kick it about all day like a football and it will be round and sound in the evening. God is governing the world and *Mighty, nay Almighty Truth alone conquers*. Be not astonished at or afraid of the Truth and speak from the depth of your heart "*I am God.*"

That party alone which demonstrates more of Truth, works more in harmony with the Power Infinite, and reveals more of the Almighty, shall have success and superiority. *Truth consciousness* brings strength and victory, *Skin-consciousness (deha abhiman)* even if it be Brahman-consciousness or

(Sannyasin-consciousness) makes a cobbler (Chamar, *Sudra*) of you. It is this leather dealing *Chandalhood* against which the sane Shruti warns you again and again.

A truthful, self-denying person can bring the noble spirit of Sannyasa to bear upon the leather dealer's trade. That trade, profession, or business in itself cannot make a *Sudra* of you.* The roots of the tree of Nationality are *women, children* and *Sudras*, the proper education and care of all of whom is sadly neglected in India. The so-called higher classes, *par excellence*, are only the fruit of the tree.

Let us not waste all our time in trying to keep the fruit on the tree. Attend to the root, feed it and water it properly.

Dear Reformers! By cattering to the tastes of the rich, your personality might perhaps be exalted for the time, but Truth will advance through the poorer classes, children and women, and through them alone. So says History. There is a tendency on the part of teachers to compliment themselves when officials attend their speeches. Well, it is

true that the Government employees are in these days more intelligent than the rest, and can be of some service, but the uplifting of the nation is not to be expected through them. People who have sold their liberty for a pittance (call it a large salary), whose vitality is sapped by the now necessary evil of routine work and whose energy is sucked by overwork, these honourable stone-Thakur jees—from their pedestal of worshipful confinement and high helplessness—let them enjoy the well-earned siren-songs of flattery, soothing lullabies, and homage of their attendants; but real revival will begin with the humble root and root alone.

The chief cause of the failure of ever so many movements in India, has been that the workers spent away their energies in watering the fruits and leaves (nobility and gentry). The poor Sudras need light and life. The people will upraid you for attending to the poor "*nothings*" as the "lower" classes are considered. But remember, even a nothing (cipher) can multiply the value ten times, being placed on

the right side of significant figure 1. Let your '1' be identified with figures or ciphers in the right way. "*Tat Twam Asi.*" That thou art.

Some say "women, children, and Sudras" are not *adhyakarsins* (worthy of Brahma Vidya). It is just that view which has kept Vedanta a great but doubtful formula—a mere formula and no reality.

If every child is worthy of the Sun's light and air, why not of spiritual light and air? Why shut out Brahma Vidya from any one? Down with the closed rooms and underground cells of ignorance and weakness. Let Divine Light and air bless all.

Spiritual Pauperism is produced by giving people moral commandments. Hysteric moralists defeat their own end by forcing *forms* of virtue instead of enlightening themselves and others as to the knowledge of Reality. Everyone is true to his lights. No one will step into a well when he sees it before him. All our "Do's" and "Don'ts" appeal only to the *animality* in man. When we tell even a boy or girl

"Thou shalt do this or that," the rational in him or her resents and rebels because of being ignored and slighted. Our imperative commandments are like trying to drive away the horse (the animality) from its rider (rationality). We teach children the spirits of rebellion in trying to rule them or exercise on them any authority other than their own reason. Where forced rule does not create rebellion it creates decay and death. According to a law of Psychology the more indirect a hint in the normal state of man, the stronger is its effect. In our forced moral teachings the ordinary person naturally takes a suggestion to the contrary. Desire for anything is increased by prohibition or condemnation.

The custom is that people cannot spare even God and want Him to wait upon their precious little self, serving them with daily or monthly bread. A customer of mystic power once went to a trader in religion, asking the venerable Siddha (or Pir) to teach him some "divine" formula" by repeating which he might gain the worldly end, nearest

to his heart. The Fakir told the *mantram*, but imposed a rather queer condition for its fruition. "Let not the thought of a monkey cross your mind while repeating the formula for a prescribed length of time." The poor fellow returned to the Guru next day complaining: "Sir, the idea of monkey could never occur to me, had you not warned me against it. But now the monkey-thought clings to me with monkey-grip, I cannot shake it off." Thus impurity and other sins would long have left the world, had not our blessed teachers kept them up by continual dwelling on them in condemning them. Adam, poor Adam, in the magnificent grand garden of Eden would never have thought of eating the fruit of a particular tree in a neglected quarter, had not the Biblical God distinguished it as "*forbidden*."

In the name of reform we carry our dictatorial directions to the extremes. A child being once asked his name replied: "Mamma always calls me Don't! That must be my name." So have people lost their Real Self under the weight of rules and orders, and

they fancy themselves to be merest name and form.

The practical Vedanta needs to be commenced in India not through books so much as through health. Vedanta is health—physical, mental, and spiritual. Not only colds, coughs, fevers, diabetes, and the like, but jealousy, laziness, distemper, unclean thoughts, weakness, and other forms of impurity are immediately washed away by restoring health of stomach.

True liberty is the accurate appreciation of necessity. I am that *necessity* and being that necessity am free. Real health is in knowing Me. Unless you have *me*, your so-called health is only a fair covering of foul disease. The words Health, Whole, Holy belong to the same stock. The feeling of Unity is health. Live in that Unity and be not overwhelmed by the importance of anything in the world. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. The problems of life cannot remain unsolved, for life is the solution of problems. Let the Health express itself free, harbour no motives.

The improper property to be immediately renounced are one's *objects*. *Look straight*: which means dare to look at any body and everybody just as boldly as you look at trees and rivers fearlessly, with no apprehension, as a child, projecting no personality in them, seeing your own Self and no stranger in these. Children who play life discern its true laws and relations, more clearly than men who think they are wiser by *experience*, that is, by failure. Even nettle (Bichhu ghas) will not hurt you if you grasp it unhesitatingly, but will set your skin in burning irritation if merely touched. There are some good workers whose private conversation is mostly full of (cautious apprehension of) "Spies" and (wise fear of) "Detectives." These worthy Reformers, I dare say, are Thieves themselves. Dear Detectives, Sweet Spies, you are entirely welcome, I need you. I shall pay you infinitely more than your previous salary (if any). Please do detect me. Pray, do spy into my secrets, and I will be pleased to give you all I have, all your desires will I wonderfully fulfil, all your

wants will be removed, no more will you suffer pain, poverty will be swept away, all the kingdoms you will find at your feet, Bless your secret-seeking heart! Come.

Work every healthy person must be doing by the very demands of health. The child has no motives, yet it is one of the most active beings on the earth. Vedanta requires of you to hit hard,⁶ play your part manfully, but hang not your joy on the event, let every stroke *be* propelled and *impelled by joy* and *not always be aiming vainly at joy*.

Ye who stand alone in Truth, be not afraid that the vast majority is against you. No. This seeming vast majority of Conservative Ignorance is like the armies of morning dew-drops swarming on the fresh leaves and green blades of grass. This meeting⁷ majority is glistening simply to bid you welcome, O Sun. Identify yourself with Truth, what matters it, if a handful of seething millions opposes you, the majority is still on your side. The rocks, trees, rivers, breeze, the sun and stars are with you. Time is with you. The day is yours, centuries are yours.

Eternity is yours. All embracing Nature is with you. You surround the opponents and are not surrounded by them. You surround chance and take it captive.

WANTED

Reformers—

No of others

but of themselves,

Who have won—

Not University distinctions,

But victory over the local self;

*Age:—*The youth divine joy.

*Salary:—*Godhead.

Apply sharp—

With no begging solicitations but
commanding decision to the
Director of the Universe.

Your own Self.

Om !

Om !!

Om !!!

FOREST TALKS.

No. IV.

Stories.

Let God work through 'you and there will be no more duty—let God shine forth. Let God show Himself. Live God, Eat God, Drink God, Breathe God. Realise the Truth, and the other things will take care of themselves. Live ye the Kingdom of Heaven, which is in you, which is you; all other things are added unto you.

LORD BYRON (I)

He let the spirit of freedom work through him. When he was a student at the University, the class to which he belonged in an Examination were asked to write Essays on the miraculous changing of water into wine by Christ at the wedding feast. Oh! how

some of those candidates laboured! During the time allotted, some of them wrote long, long stories of how the guests were dressed, how the feast was spread, how Jesus looked, and went on and on to elaborate upon the subject. During all this time, Byron sat in his seat looking at the ceiling watching the faces of the other students, and well nigh whistling. When the time was up, the Professor came around to collect their composition books and as he came to Byron he said in joke, "You must be tired, you have been writing so hard," and expected to be handed a blank book, but Byron said, "Wait a minute," and forthwith he scrawled out a line and handed the book to the master. Now after three weeks or so had passed, the result was announced, and some essays received honourable mention, but how surprised were all to know that Byron had won the first prize. To convince the students of the high merit of Byron's essay the teacher read it in class, and this line made the whole essay; "*The water saw its Lord and blushed.*" He forced nothing. This little

line was spontaneous, and like all work, done naturally, was perfect, free, graceful, poetic—the work of the self.

“The eye—it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel where’r they be
Against or with our will.

* * *

Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking?”

Wordsworth.

MASTER MUSICIAN (II.)

There was a beautiful organ in a Church, in fact, the organ was so fine that the custodian would not allow an amateur to touch it. One day while they were having a service in the Church, a stranger, dressed poorly, came in and wanted to play upon the organ, but he was not allowed to near it. He was unknown to the minister and since this was such a choice thing, of course they would not let him play upon it. After the service was over and the musician had left the organ, this man stealthily crept up to the

organ. The minute he laid his hands upon it, the organ recognised its master and such music as it poured forth, though the congregation were on their feet and ready to go, still when these peals of grandeur came forth, they were spell-bound, enraptured, and could not leave the Church. This wielder of wonderful harmony was the master musician, the inventor of the organ himself.

We do not give the Self, God, Love, a chance to do for us, we must care, for this body, we must care for this mind, and it is plain to be seen that in that case only common place notes come forth of us. Let the Master play upon the organ and the minute Love's hands touch the chords, music will pour forth—music that you never dreamed of before,—wonderful light and harmony will begin to flow, divine melodies will begin to burst out, celestial rhapsodies emanate.

•
“ God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee.
The mighty tide of being flows,
Through all its channels, Love, from Thee.

"It springs to life in grass flowers,
 Through every thread of being runs
 Till from creation's radiant towers
 In glory flames, in stars and suns.
 "God of the granite and the rose,
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
 The mighty tide of being flows
 Through all its channels back to Thee.
 "Thus round and round the current runs
 A mighty sea without a shore,
 Till man with angels, stars, and suns
 Unite in love for ever more."

Lizzie Dobson.

DODGING DEATH (III)

Once there was a man so clever as to reproduce himself to such a perfection that you could not tell the reproduction from the original. He knew that the angel of death was coming for him, and as he did not know just what to do to avoid the angel, finally settled upon what might be termed an able device. He reproduced himself a dozen times. Now when the "angel of death came, he could not know which was the real person and therefore did not take any. The angel returned to God and asked Him what to do, and after a

consultation, returned to the earth to try again to take this man and remarked. "My! but you are wonderfully clever, why, that is just the way you have made these figures, but there is one thing wherein you have erred, there is just one fault." The original man immediately jumped up and asked suddenly, "In what, in what have I erred?" And the angel said, "In just this," singling out the clever man from the mute statues. The only wrong is to ask "*Am I right?*" Dear one, what else could you be? The little imp of doer-self is claimed by death.

THIS IS MY CARROT. (IV)

In famine days a poor woman died. The Judge of Death in his post-mortem investigation into her case, while assorting her good and bad deeds, could discover no act of charity except that she had once given a *carrot* (or *radish*, I am not sure) to a starving beggar. By order of the Judge the *carrot* was reproduced. This carrot was to take her to heaven. She caught hold of the carrot and it began to rise lifting her with it.

There appeared the old beggar on the scene. He clutched at the hem of her tattered-garment, began to be elevated along with her, a third candidate for mercy began similarly to be uplifted being suspended from the foot of the beggar, nay, a long series of persons one below the other began to be drawn up by that single Carrot-Elevator. And strange to say the woman felt no weight of all these souls hanging from her! Do not such things often happen even in dreams?)

These saved persons rose up higher and still higher till they reached the Gate of Heaven. Here the woman looked below, and don't know what moved her, she said to the train of souls behind her,—

“Off, you fellows!

This is *my* carrot!”

And unconsciously waved her hand to keep them away. The carrot was lost and down fell the poor woman with the entire train.

The facts are plainly stated, *you may* moralize yourself.

EQUALITY (V)

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Brig.
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere."
"And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry,
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all's well and wisely put."
"If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Question—"You say, Swamiji, that our Self is all knowledge ; so pray tell me some method of Vedantic clairvoyance by which I may win the highest prize in the ensuing Law-examination without reading the books."

Answer.—A prince in his childhood was playing hide-and-seek with the children of noblemen. He had much ado to search out the boys. A by-stander remarked, "What is the use of making so much fuss to discover the play-fellows who can be collected immediately if you exercise princely authority to call them out?" The prince replied, "In that case the play would lose its relish, there would remain no interest in the game." Just so, in reality, you are the supreme ruler and all-knowing Omniscient Divinity, but as you have in fun opened the quest of your own subjects (all sorts of study and other pursuits in the great hide-and-seek labyrinth of the world), it would not be fair play to exercise that authority which checkmates the whole game. On the plane where the past, present, and future and all the thousands of suns and stars become your own Self, nay, all objects are mere ripples and eddies in the ocean of your knowledge, how could you care for the Law examinations and worldly success? If you want to possess Divine clairvoyance, you have to give up or rise above the very

plane of senses from which and for which you seek clairvoyance.

A net was spread to catch fish. The fish on falling in the net carried it off by their stupendous weight. Vedantic new clairvoyance is that "queer fish" which carries away the net of desires entirely. Again the ordinary method of acquiring knowledge is itself a Vedantic process of clairvoyance inasmuch as it entails an unconscious escape during study from the sense of ego and duality.

It is said of Imam Ghizali, a Mohammedan saint, that in his student life, one night, after his usual strenuous work, he fell asleep in the study. In a vision appeared to him Khwaja Khizar, the God of Learning, offering to convey all the knowledge of the world to him by the simple act of breathing into his ears and mouth. Imam Ghizali's sound sense of self-respect refused, and he asked instead the boon of being provided with oil for his mid night reading. He preferred the longer road to the short cut, not caring to steal into the backdoor of heaven.

Do not counsel God how to behave; do not dictate your will to Him, just resign your self unto Him, abandon the little self, renounce spurious desires and thus will you make your body and mind full of light. All true knowledge and education worth the name comes from within, and not from books or extraneous minds. Men of genius, the original workers in the field of investigation, made their discoveries and investigations, only when they were merged in Thought Absolute, far far above yearning or hurrying of any sort, making their mentality and personality free of any tendency to selfishness. They made themselves transparent, the light of knowledge shone through them, they shed light on books, illumined libraries. This is work. By work Rama never means plodding drudgery. Work in Vedanta always means harmonious vibrations with the Real Self and attunement with the universe. This unselfish union with the one Reality, which is the only real work, is oftentimes labelled and branded as no work, or idleness. Even a most laborious undertaking, pursued in the spirit

of Vedanta, is found to be all pleasure and play and no drudgery or burden. "Having nothing to do, be always doing" sums up Vedantic teaching. O happy worker, success must seek you, when you cease to seek success.

TO VAYU (BREEZE).

"Naught stirrest around,
Yet hark to that sound,
"Swoo-oo" and Ai-yu!"
Oh, bodiless Vayu!
Pause and come nither
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along?
Invisible wending,
The heather tops bending,
Before us thou sweetest,
Behind us thou creepiest,
By our ears rushing, •
O'er our cheeks brushing,
Gliding by gholefully,
Murmuring dolefully
Dirges of song.

With Swoo-oo and Ai-yu!
Oh! Bodiless Vayu!
Pause and come hither
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along

FOREST TALKS.

No. V.

Love.

"I am the origin and end
Of all this changeful universe,
There is, oh mankind, naught beyond;
For all is strung on Me alone
As are the beads upon the thread.
I am the freshness of the waters,
The splendour of the Sun and the Moon,
The essence of the Holy thought,
The sound of sounds, the man in men,
I am the life of life, oh man!"

"All true devotion's centred power,
All being's seed am I, the strength,
The wisdom of the strong and wise,
Lo, those who worship Me in truth,
Fulfilling in their acts my laws;
Regarding me their aim and end,

Their hearts oh man, dwell then in love,
 And I to them will always be a guide
 From out the surging flood of wrong and
 migratory life.'

At whose behest doth work the intellects?
 At whose command does life subsist?
 By whom enlightened grasps the mind?
 And what enlightens ears 'nd eyes?
 The Ear of ear, the Mind of mind,
 The Speech of speech, the Life of life,
 The Eye of eye, the Self of self
 That eats up Pain and Death as rice.

ALL IS LOVE.

To know is to love Truth.

What is Truth? *Tat Twam Asi* or Love
 itself.

Step by step this Love manifested itself
 through different stages as the force of
 affinity, cohesion, gravitation, greed, desire,
 ambition, aspiration. In different modes and
 degrees of vibrations this Love appeared
 being known as Magnetism, Electricity,
 light, heat, sound, etc., the most accurate
 conception of the material atoms being

as "Centres of forces." Matter itself in the ultimate analysis, resolves itself into concentrated Love. All Law being nothing more than the discovery of unity in diversity, harmony in heterogeneity, unision in variety, is itself a phase of Love. In your inquisitive detectives, insidious spies, suspected friends, menacing foes, betraying comrades, there is no other Power at work but Love. No other government rules the world than Love. Carlyle said. "Hatred is inverted love." Fear is only congested love. Else how could love conquer fear? A man with a purse of a thousand pounds in the woods is full of fear only because of the *loved* gold. A free man greets all he meets. A free person enjoys the uniform circulation of love. Love being the only force there is in reality, the realization of identity with Love is *salvation* and redemption and the conscious or unconscious struggle to achieve that absolute Love-Consciousness is *life*, to be willing to follow the line of quickest approach to that goal is *wisdom*, and to that end to rightly adjust the different love-forces is *virtue*.

There is no such thing as betrayal of love nor is anybody a traitor. No character is unfaithful. No right have we to limit our ideas as to the possibilities of man on the ground of his being a Jew, Mohammedan, Sudra, or Brahman. Even the sworn slaves of dogmas are bound to be redeemed. God, Truth, must pull you out from the clasp of conventionality and conservatism, even as Krishna drew out the Gopikas from the homes of their so-called husbands.

Man's real Self is nothing but this transcendental Love. You are Love. Oh, you are the universal Self. You are the Roseate Dandy that flushes in the blooming cheeks of Laili on the one side and appears at the bleeding heart of Majnoon on the other. To realize and feel this truth in practical life is Purity. But he who begins to seek things and hankers after them as if not one with him rends his God-self twain and is thereby impure. Shunning and curling up is not Purity; resisting and avoiding beauty is not Chastity. True Purity is that where all beauty is absorbed in me and I feel and

enjoy my spiritual oneness with all to such an extent that to talk or think of meeting any object, sounds like a painful hint of separation.

“Speak to him, then, for He hears and Spirit to
 Spirit can meet;
 Closer is He than breathing and nearer than
 hand or feet.
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, and the
 plains,
 Are not these, O Soul, the visions of Him who
 reigns?”

Tennyson.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear Thee where the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun
And in the setting, Thou art fair,

Far off Thou art and ever nigh
I hear Thee still I rejoice,
I prosper circled with Thy voice
I shall not lose Thee, though I die.

All that is, is good—God is that which is fit, appropriate, apt. Now the world's movement is nothing else but continuous adaptation. So the world is nothing but a

flow of good. Wherever people's adaptation to the past (conservatism) opposes re-adaptation to the running present, the irresistible marching adaptation (harmony or God) is accompanied by a noisy and dazzling show—Revolution.

We cannot give up anything until we get something else to take its place, and progress must be gradual. Love and attachment are a form of grasping and grabbling from one stand-point, and nothing short of renunciation from another stand-point. Love rises from one object to another. The objects of love keep changing all the time, and is every act of unfoldment or develepeement, it renounces a good many clings. By slow degrees, there comes at last a time when a person falls (or rather rises) in love with Love itself and the object of love turns out to be the Self of each and all and the lover is tied back or married and re-united to this—his one Self Supreme. After this marriage (that is religion 're,' again 'ligo' unite), the true lover finds the whole universe in his embrace and every object in his clasp. What can such a one

desire? Can we desire the bride that is already folded in our arms?

When one realizes his own Self to be the all, he cannot desire, but simply enjoys everything as his. He looks at his work and finds it good. Every object brings him joy ineffable. Every creature pays him tribute from clod to the cloud, from the minutest atom to the mightiest sun, from the lowest crawling vermin to the remotest shining star, all declare his glory, all sing praises, Hallelujah. There is nothing different from such a one.

LET NOT THE WORLD BE TOO MUCH
WITH YOU.

I see two objects before me, sweet peas and a maiden. The flower is dissected. In the flower is found a force called cohesion, keeping the different particles together, and some other forces like heat, gravity, magnetism, etc. And in the maiden all the imaginable wonders are suppressed, especially in that part of her body called the head. Herein I find all space and all time including

and embracing the whole universe. The whole world is contained in a single ball called the head. This universe is present in the head as a mere idea, the whole world is a mere idea in the head. If it were not for the passing of this idea of the world from one head to another, like the throwing of a ball from one to another, the world would have been no world. This hypnotic sleep or idea of the world we pass on or fling from generation to generation, and from country to country, and this is the whole world, your world, your idea, your doing. Let not this ball be too much with you. It is your own head-ball or foot-ball.

Renunciation alone leads to immortality—
And practical renunciation means throwing off and casting overboard all anxiety, fear, worry, hurry, trouble of mind by continually keeping before your mental vision the *ballness of the world and all-ness* of your Real Self. You have no duties to discharge, you are bound to none, you are responsible to nobody, You have no debit to pay. Assert your individuality against all society and all

nations and every thing. That is Vedanta. Society, customs and convention, laws, rules, regulations, criticisms, reviews, they can never touch your Real Self. Even a tiny slender column of water can match and balance the pressure of the whole sea, says Hydrostatics. O individual Infinity, dare to stand on your own feet, and you can hold back the weight of the universe. Feel that. Throwing off fear, renounce anxiety, dispel the limited vulnerable ego. Giving this sense to OM, chant it.

OM! OM! OM!

FOREST TALKS.

No. VI.

Rest

The multifold demands of life and the different claims on your physical and mental powers are likely to keep you all the time strained and in tension. If these outside circumstances be allowed to keep you always on the rack, you are digging an early grave for yourself.

How to avoid it? Rama does not recommend the shirking of work or the giving up of daily pursuits, but recommends to cultivate a habit which will keep you ever in rest in spite of strenuous, onerous, and trying tasks. This advice is no other than Vedantic renunciation. You have to keep yourself all the time upon the rock of renunciation ; and taking your stand firmly upon the vantage

ground, giving yourself up entirely to any work that present itself, you will not be tired, you will be equal to any duty.

To explain further. While at work, between whiles, devote spare interval of a moment or so to the thought that there is but one reality, God, thy Self; and that as to the body etc., you never had anything to do with it. You are simply a witness, you have nothing to do with the consequences or the result. Thus contemplating you may close your eyes, relax your muscles, and lay the body perfectly at ease, unburdening yourself of all thought. The more you succeed in taking off the burden of thought from your shoulders, the stronger you will feel.

Nerves keep up the vitality in the body, and thought is also sustained by the nervous system. The digestive process, the circulation of the blood, the growth of the air, etc., depend ultimately upon the nervous action. If your thought is distributed and you are hurried and worried by all sorts of ideas, that means too much burden upon the nerves. This action of the nerves in the shape of

strenuous thought-exertion may be a gain on one side but it is a decided loss on the other. Through restless thought and worry the vital functions of the body suffer. If you want to keep up your vitality, to preserve your health, the weight of life to be borne easily by the horse of nervous system, you ought to make the burden of egoistic thought lighter. Let not anxious thoughts and worrying ideas suck the sap of your life. The secret of perfect health and vigorous activity lies in keeping your mind always buoyant and cheerful, never worried, never hurried, never borne down by any fear, thought or anxiety.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious but to *love* industry.

MOST IMPORTANT ADVICE.

My cup is the hemisphere of heavens and the sparkling light my wine.

Think it not that it is your duty to get clothes, or to win anybody's love, to make

anybody happy, or to achieve this worldly aim or that, Discard all these aims and objects, make it your profession, your business, your trade, occupation, vocation, the aim and object of life to keep your own self always peaceful and happy, independent of all surrounding circumstances, irrespective of gain and loss. Your highest duty in the world laid upon your shoulders by God (your religious duty) is to keep yourself joyful. Your social duty, the demand of of neighbours, is to keep yourself well pleased, peaceful; the duty having the greatest claim on you from domestic relations, is to keep yourself cheerful; and your duty to yourself demands of you again to keep yourself happy in all states. Be true to yourself and never mind anything else in the world. All other things are bound to bow down to you, yet what does it matter to you whether they bow down or not, you are happy by yourself. To be dejected and gloomy, is a religious, social, political, and domestic crime; and this is the only crime you can commit, this is the only crime which is at the root of all other crimes, falls

and sins. Be full of serenity and dispassionate tranquility, and you will find that all your surroundings and environments will of course and of force adjust themselves aright. It is not your duty to worry or hurry about any business. Your only occupation or duty is to keep yourself self-contained, self-poised and self-pleased, No duty upon us, no burden upon our shoulders. You have no responsibility to anybody but to yourself. You are a heinous criminal to yourself if you violate this most sacred law of Cheerfulness and Peace. Let other people, when they get up early in the morning, think that they have duties before them as to rub and scrub the rooms, to go to the office, or to do washing or cooking or reading and writing or this and that; but when you get up early in the morning, address to yourself always in Supreme happiness. The only duty you have to do is this. This does not mean that you have to shirk other work or neglect other household employments. These things you may feel as secondary matters of play and these things you will have to do because your

spiritual health will demand of you to be doing something. But while doing anything, remember that the so-called material work in hand is quite immaterial. The really bounden duty for you, is to keep yourself self-pleased. Students, listen, if you hang your joy on the future results of examinations, being content *now* to oscillate and vacillate the gloom of suspense "you will never *be*, but always *to be* blessed." Like comes to the like. Have joy of God in you—right now, and the joy of success must gravitate towards you. That is the law.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone :
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own :
Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh! it is lost in the air :
The echoes do bound a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve and they turn and go ;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad and your friends are many,
 Be sad and you lose them all.
 There is none to decline your nectared wine,
 But alone you must drink life's gall.
 Feast, and your halls are crowded;
 Fast, and the world goes by;
 Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
 But no one can help you die.
 There is room in the halls of pleasure
 For a long and lordly train,
 But one by one we must all file on
 Through the narrow aisles of pain.'

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Happiness is the only good.
 The time to be happy is now.
 The place to be happy is here.
 The way to be happy is to make others so.

SUMMING UP.

Rama brings to your special attention
 two important points:—

- 1.—Denial of little self.
- 2.—Positive assertion of Real Self.

First—Denial, according to Vedanta,^o is perfect relaxation, relief, rest, renunciation. Whenever you can spare time, just throw down your body on the chair or bedstead as

if you never carried that burden or weight and you had nothing to do with it and it were quite as much a stranger to you as any piece of rock. Let the body lie down for a while stretched like a dead carcase, altogether unsupported by your strained will or thought. Let the mind be relaxed of all care and anxiety for the body or anything. Give up and deny all desire, ambition or expectation. This is denial or relaxation. Let your property rest on the ground and not weigh down your heart.

Second—*Godhead*. Make God's will your own. Defend His purpose as if it were your purpose whether for weal or for woe; feel yourself above the body and its environments, above the mind and its motives, above the world and its opinions. Feel yourself to be the all-pervading Supreme, the Sun of suns; above causation, above phenomena; and one with the all Bliss, the free Rama. Chant OM and sing OM in any tune or tunes that naturally and spontaneously occur to you. Thus will all causes of complaints and maladies leave your presence of themselves.

The world and your surroundings are exactly what you think them to be. Let not the world lay heavy upon your heart. Every day and night meditate upon the truth that all the opinions and society of the world is simply your own idea and that you are the real power whose breath or mere shadow the whole world is. The reason, why you do not attain to the height of health, is that you are more courteous and polite to the fickle, unsettled, hazy judgment of others than to your own nearest neighbour, the Real Self Supreme. Live on your own account, not for the opinions of others. Be free. Try to please the one Lord, the Self, the One without a second, the real husband, owner, master, your own inner God. You will not in any case be able to satisfy the many, the public, the majority, and you are under no obligations to satisfy the hydra-headed mob. You are your own architect. Sing to yourself as if you were all alone and no listeners were by. When your own Self is pleased, the public must be satisfied. That is the Law.

Whoever dwells among thought dwells in the reign of delusion and disease—and though he appears wise and learned, yet his wisdom and learning, are as hollow as a piece of timber eaten out by white ants. Therefore though thought should gird you about, you need not be tied to it, as a man takes off his coat when hot; and as skilful workman lays down his tool when done with.

“While at work your thought is to be absolutely concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever irrelevant to the matter in hand—rounding away like a great engine with giant power and perfect economy—no wear and tear of friction or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time.

Then, when the work is finished and there is no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally absolutely—stop entirely—no worrying—as if a parcel of boys were allowed to play their devilments with a locomotive as soon as it was in the shed—and the man must retire into that

reign of the Consciousness where his true
Self dwells,"

Om!

"O my sons! O too dutiful
Towards God not of me.
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For, behold, I am with you, and in you,
And if you look forth now and see,
I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me
Beholding the fruits of me fair
I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen
And the shadowless soul is in sight.
The tree many rooted
That swells to the sky
With frontage red-fruited
The Life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is
The sap of my leaves. Ye shall live and not die

But the Gods of your fashion
 That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
 That scourage and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark
 That falls off; they shall die and not live.

FOREST TALKS.

No. VII.

Married Life.

JUST AS THE SPECTACLES ARE.

Through the spectacles we see everything, but they are no burden to the eyes. Instead of obstructing the vision, they aid it. Instead of being a screen between our eyes and other objects, they are the elucidator of these objects. So should the relation be between husband and wife. Instead of the one being a hindrance, shut up as it were by the other, each is to see the whole universe through the other. This can only be done if the union be spiritual and on the Vedantic understanding, and on no other conditions, where both of them see the soul and spirit and Atman, rising above the personality,

personal regards and surroundings, manners and customs, passions and habits.

As the breath is so close to us but we never feel it, so should the married life be in perfect understanding. No burden! one is not to hang heavy upon the heart of the other. Both free! With either party the thought of the second party is not to be a kind of drawback. At present in the case of married people, the thought of the wife is a hindrance to the spiritual progress of the man. The thought of the husband is a great obstacle and burden upon the woman.

In India, men and women throw antimony in their eyes. That is used to strengthen the vision; it remains in the eyes, but it does not obstruct the vision. The very moment it makes itself felt, there is something wrong with it. Just so when you feel the stomach there is something wrong with it. That is the law.

• There was a question put to Ram by the former wife of Rama, "Do you remember me?" Rama said "No, Rama never remembers." Remembrance comes in the

case of a person who is different from you. Do you remember your eyes, your nose, your hands? Never. They are one with you. When one party becomes one with the other, being one and the same and identical, he cannot remember. These things must be made clear.

When we receive a letter from a friend, we like the letter, we make much of it. We love the letter because of the friend. So should the husband and wife be a kind of letter from God. The body of the husband should be a kind of letter or picture from God. So she may love his body and respect his body, but after all, this body should simply be a letter, a picture, a something which is not the thing in itself. Thus she sees God through him. A symbol of Divinity, a picture of God, let the husband become. If at night the bodies meet, then in the day time the woman is to make spiritual union. If simultaneously with the bodily union at night, the spiritual union is not felt, then in the day time she is to fill up the gap. With every embrace is to be associated the thought that she is accepting Divinity. Oh Light,

come to me. I embrace Light. You might call it Happiness; you might call it perfect purity or union with the whole Universe. Oh Divinity, Wisdom, come to me, I accept you. Thus everything should be made a symbol of Divinity. If it was not felt at night, it can be supplied in the day time. You may simply feel that oneness and marriage. To embrace Divinity, Divinity, Divinity. To feel the whole universe as one's body. To be the all, the all, the all. This idea is to be constantly kept in mind. Whereas on the one hand Vedanta requests you to dispense with all thought of bodily union, and never let the one body be a burden upon the other, on the other hand it requests you to be continually at one with the real Spirit. All the time you meditate on the thought that Divinity, power, harmony, perfect divine love, universal harmony are in me. I am That, That am I. He is Me and I am He. Then you have to see the real Self, whom you married, your own Self in the plants, in the trees, in the river, in everything that am I.

FOREST TALKS.

No. VIII.

The snares of 99.

They say, "don't fall into the snares of 99." What does that mean?

A man with his wife used to live very happily in their small hut. Very happy they were.

He used to work all day long and get a pittance to make the two ends meet. He had no other worldly ambition, no other desire, no feeling of envy or hatred, a good honest worker he was. He had a neighbour who was a very wealthy man. This wealthy man was always immersed in anxiety, he was never happy. A Vedantin monk once visited the houses of the rich man and his poor neighbour, and told the rich man that the

cause of his worry and anxiety was his possessions. His possessions possessed him and kept him down; his mind was wandering from this object to that. The monk pointing to the poor neighbour said, "Look at him, he owns nothing, but on his face you find the bloom of happiness, and you find his muscles so strong and his arms so well built. He goes about in such a happy, cheerful, jolly mood, humming tunes of joy." This happiness the rich man could never enjoy. He had his property fashioned and moulded in the way other people liked it. Then the rich man wanted to test the truth of the monk's remarks. According to the advice of the monk, the rich man stealthily threw into the house of the poor man \$ 99. The next day they saw that no fire was lit in the house of the poor man. In the house of the poor man there used to be a good fire and they used to cook certain things, purchased with the money, earned by dint of the poor man's labour. That night they found no fire in the house, they did not cook anything, they starved that night. The

next morning the monk taking the rich man with him, went to the poor man and enquired as to the cause of his not lighting fire in his house. The poor man could make no excuse in the presence of the monk, he had to tell the truth. He said that before that he used to earn a few cents and with those few cents they used to purchase some flour and vegetables, and cook and eat them, but on that day when they lit no fire they received a little box containing \$ 99. When they saw the \$ 99, the idea came into their minds that there was only one dollar wanting to make it full \$ 100. Now in order to made up that \$ 1, they found that they might forego food on alternate days, and thus they might scrape up some cents and in a week or so would save up \$ 1 and thus they would have \$ 100. Hence they were to starve. This is the secret of the niggardliness of the rich people. The more they get, the poorer they become. When they get \$ 99, they want more, if they have \$ 99,000, they want \$ 1,00,000.

HE HAS AN AXE TO GRIND.

Benjamin Franklin in his Autobiography relates an experience of his boyhood. When he was a boy, he was going to school in Philadelphia, and one day on his way to school, he happened to see a blacksmith at work. In those days, the machinery was not in such a high state of development as it is to-day. The blacksmith was working in his shop. Just like a curious boy, Benjamin stopped at the shop and was looking at the man at work. Children lose themselves in any thought that comes up before them. He had a stachel in his hand and he was just going to school, but he forgot all about his school to enjoy the sight of the working blacksmith. The blacksmith noticed the interest of the boy. He was sharpening his tools and knives. The assistant of the blacksmith having gone on an errand, was absent. On seeing the little boy taking so much interest in the work, he asked him to come up to him. Benjamin moved up and the blacksmith said, "What a nice boy, what a fine boy, how intelligent you are!" Benjamin was puffed up and felt

flattered, and when he noticed the beaming smiles on the face of Benjamin, he asked him if he would take the trouble to help him in turning the grindstone. Benjamin immediately began to do that work. Children are naturally very active and they want to do something which will keep their muscles employed. You can send them to the other end of the world if you can tickle their humour. While Benjamin was working at the grindstone, the blacksmith went on humouring and flattering him. The boy went on doing the work. In the meantime, he whetted a number of knives and axes. By that time the little boy felt fatigued and he remembered his school time and recitation hours, and wanted to leave the shop. But there was that man upon him with his flattery and humouring spirit saying, "Oh good boy, I know you are never punished in school, you are so fine, so smart. What the other boys take three hours to accomplish, you can do in one hour. The school master never gets angry with you, you are so good." One by one the swords were whetted and

when one was half done, Benjamin wanted to leave, but he could not. The recitation hours commenced at 10 and he was released at 12. He went to school and was flogged for being late. He was tired and his arms were sore. For a week he had to suffer the consequences. He could not prepare his lessons. Ever afterwards when any one flattered him, the thought came to his mind, "He has an axe to grind." After this event never was Benjamin Franklin entrapped in the snares of flattery.

FOREST TALKS.

No. IX.

A monk had some copper cents and was about to give them away to some boys. Many poor people came to him to get them, but he would not give them. Finally, there came before the monk a king seated on an elephant. The monk threw the copper pieces into the howdah on the top of the elephant where the king was seated. The king was astonished at this unexpected act of the monk. The monk said the money was for him, the poorest man. The king enquired how he could be the poorest man. The monk said he was the poorest man, because of his possessions and of his continual hunger and thirst for more kingdoms. Hence he was the poorest man.

A man was collecting heaps of money in

a box. A monk passed by. On being invited to the house of this rich man who was hoarding this money in large boxes and steel chests, the monk asked the reason of this act. The wealthy man said, "Sir, what do you care, you are fed by the public, and even if they do not feed you, you do not care a straw for your body, but for us it is necessary to lay by some money, so that it may be of use to us at the right time." The monk was silent. The next day the wealthy man had to go and see the monk in the rotten cottage where he lived. When the wealthy man came to the cottage of the monk, he found that the monk had with great labour dug a big pit and in that pit he was throwing beautiful, round stones, heaping stones upon stones in that pit, and had been labouring all day long in that manner. When the rich man came up, he said, "Swami, Swami, what are you doing here?" The monk said, "I am collecting these beautiful pieces of stone, don't you see how round they are?" The wealthy man smiled and said, "Why are you collecting them? Here is a whole

mountain full of these stones. What is the use of collecting them?" The monk said, "I preserve them for the time of need. I may require them sometime and it may be that all these mountains will be washed off the surface of the earth, so I will collect them and store them away." The wealthy man answered, "How is that possible? How can the stones be washed away from the earth?" Then the monk jumped upon the wealthy man and said, "You taught me this lesson. O fool, there never will come a time when your food will not be laid before you by God—What is the use of just wasting your energy and lavishing your precious time in this laying by of gold and silver? Learn a lesson from me. Life is not for this waste, for this spendthrift purpose. It is not to be wasted in such petty, sordid cares and anxieties."

FOREST TALKS.

No. X

Once upon a time a Qazi or Governor happened to come to a certain Emperor, under the Mohammedan rule. The Emperor, who honoured the Qazi so much because of his religious pretensions, wanted to examine his capabilities. He was no scholar himself, but the following questions which he was going to put to the Qazi, were suggested to him by somebody else who wanted to get the Governorship. This Qazi came before the Emperor and he was asked : In which direction does God keep his face, where does God sit, what does He eat, what does He do ?" The King told him if he could answer the questions to the king's satisfaction, he would be promoted. The Qazi thought that the questions coming from the king must be very

difficult. He knew how to humour and flatter the king by praising him, and then asked him for an interval of eight days to answer these questions.

For eight days the Qazi went on thinking and thinking, but could come to no conclusion. How could he answer to the king's satisfaction ! Finally the eighth day came, but the answers to the questions did not come to the Qazi. He then pretended to be sick in order to gain time. The Qazi's servant (Pajee) approached him and wanted to know what the matter was. He said, "Off with you, don't bother me, I am about to die." The servant said, "Please let me know what the matter is. I will die rather than you should be subjected to any pain." The difficulty was then explained to him. This servant occupied a very lowly position, one that was not considered at all respectable, that of slacking lime or mortar. But in reality he was a pupil of the Qazi and a learned man. He knew the answers to the questions and he said he would go and answer them, and the Qazi should write on a

piece of paper ordering him to go, and if his answers were not to the satisfaction of the king, he would die and not his master. The Qazi hesitated to do this, but just at this moment a messenger of the king approached him, and he trembled and trembled. So he told the servant to go. He put on his best clothes which consisted of mere rags. He was a Vedantic Brother. In India, the kings always go to the Swamis and learn a great deal of wisdom and knowledge. This servant (Pajee) fearlessly approached the king and said, "Sir what do you want. What do you wish to ask?" The king said, "Could you answer the questions given to your master?" The Pajee said, "I will answer them, but you know he who answers them is a teacher, and he who asks them is the pupil. We expect you to be a true Mohammedan and conform to the laws of the sacred Scriptures. According to the law, I must have the seat of honour and you must sit lower down than myself." So the king gave him some beautiful clothes to put on and he sat on the king's throne, and the king sat down on the steps.

But the king said, "There is one thing more, if your answers are not satisfactory to me, I will kill you." The Pajee said, "Of course, that was understood."

Now the first question which was put was "Where does God sit?" If he answered it literally, the king would not have understood it, so he said, "Bring a cow." A cow was brought. He said, "Does the cow have any milk?" The king said, "Yes, of course." "Where does the milk sit?" "In the udder," answered the king. "That is wrong," said the Pajee, the milk pervades the whole cow. "Let the cow go." Then some milk was brought. "Where is the butter? Is the butter present in the milk?" They said, "It is," But where is it," said the Pajee, "Let me know." They could not tell. Then he said, "If you cannot tell where the butter sits, still you have to believe it is there, in fact, the butter is everywhere." Similarly, God is everywhere throughout the whole universe. Just as the butter is everywhere present in the milk, the milk is everywhere present in the cow. In order to get the milk, you have

to milk the cow, so in order to get God you have to milk your own heart. The Pajee said, "Are you answered, O king," and the king said, "Yes, that is right." Now all those people, who said God was living the seventh or eighth heaven, fell in the estimation of the king. They were nothing to him, their position was not correct.

Then came the next question "In which direction does God look—to the East, West, North, or South?" This was also very queer, but these people looked upon God as a personality. He said, "All right, bring a light." A candle was brought and lit. He showed them that the candle did not face the North, South, East or West, but was everywhere equal. The king was satisfied. Similary, God is the candle in your heart which faces in all directions.

Now came the question "What does God do?" He said, "All right," and told the king to go and bring the Qazi. When his master came, he was stonished to find the servant seated on the king's throne. Then he told the Qazi to sit at the place that

the Pajee was to occupy, and the king to sit in the Qazi's place, and he himself on the king's throne. "This," he said, "is the way—God does constantly keep things moving. Changing the Pajee into king, the king into Qazi, and the Qazi into Pajee." This is what is being continually done in the world, one family rising into ascendancy, then becoming unknown and another taking its place. For a time one man is highly honoured, then another takes his place, and so on, day after day and year after year. And so on in this world change is going on all the time, From that day the Pajee was made a Qazi.

FOREST TALKS

No. XI.

The following story was told by the clerk, a slender, tall young man, one of the travellers in the Canterbury Tales, whose turn it was to entertain his listeners

In a certain country, there was a very noble scholarly, and majestic prince who had just inherited a throne. Years and years passed on, yet he did not marry. The people were very anxious that he should marry, as they wished for an heir to the throne. They persistently urged him to choose a wife, and he finally consented to do so, providing they would allow him to make his own selection. You know, in that country no freedom was allowed to any one, even in the matter of love and marriage. They were bound by custom. He wanted to marry

according to his own wishes. His subjects, thinking if they did not consent to his will he would remain a batchelor all his days, thought it advisable to let him make his choice. He ordered his courtiers and officers to make preparations for a great wedding festival. Everything was prepared in a most royal and magnificent style. With great eclat on the appointed day the army was ready. Everyone was arrayed in his most gorgeous clothes and drove in the best carriages and victorias. The king rode in the middle, one half of the army on one side and the other half on the other. They went on according to the king's orders, not following any particular road. They went through very deep, dense forests. They said among themselves, "What is the king going to do, is he going to marry a lake, or stock and stones?" They were astonished. They went on and finally came to a place in the forests where there was a small hut, and near that hut was a beautiful, clear, crystal lake. On the banks of the lake they found beautiful, magnificent, natural orchards, and

from the branches of one of the trees there hung a hammock or trapeze, on which an old man was lying. They said, "Is he going to marry that old man?" One half of the army passed on and when the king's elephant reached that place, the king ordered halt. Immediately there appeared on the scene a beautiful, fair lovely maiden who was gently swinging the hammock on which her father was lying.

The king, before he came to the throne, had been to that forest many times. He had watched the girl and always found her most dutiful; she cared for her father most faithfully, brought water and bathed him, and fed him. She did all sorts of rubbing and scrubbing work. But while doing this work she was always happy, bright, merry and cheerful as a carolling robbin. This happy disposition of the girl impressed itself on the king and he vowed to marry her if he ever married. The girl gazed in amazement at all this grand array, little thinking that the man, who rode on horseback by their door many times before, was this king.

She asked her father what this magnificent spectacle meant. Her father told her that it was a bridegroom going to a distant country for a princess to be his wife. Now the king alighted from his elephant, went up to the old man and fell at his feet as is the Oriental custom. The old man said to him, "My son, what do you want?" The face of the king brightened. He said, "I want you to make me your son-in-law." The old man's heart leaped with joy. His ecstasy knew no bounds. He said, "You are mistaken, king, you are mistaken. How could you wish to marry the daughter of a poor mendicant? We are poor, very poor." The king said he loved no one as much as this lovely girl. The father said if such was the case then she was his. This parent was a Vedantic monk and he had imparted his knowledge to his daughter. He now told the king that he had no dowry to give his child, the only thing he could give was his blessing. The king then presented his bride with all sorts of beautiful clothes which he requested her to put on. She accordingly did so. But

the girl did not go to the king empty handed. She had a dowry. What was it? Into one of the caskets the king gave her, in which was to be kept jewels, she put in her dress of rags which she wore while living with her father. Now the old man was left alone, one servant was left at his disposal. He wanted nothing else from the king.

The king took his bride to the palace. At first his courtiers did not like her as she was lowborn. These noblemen and aristocrats wished the king to marry their daughters or nieces, and here they were all superseded by this low girl. They were very jealous of her. How could they pay homage to this low-born girl? But the new queen by her sweet temper, gentle ways, and lovely manners charmed them all. By and by they all began to love her very dearly. She was always calm and tranquil, never disturbed or ruffled about anything, no matter what the circumstances might be. After a year or so a daughter was born to the queen. A beautiful baby girl. How happy were the king and queen! When the child was three or four

years old, the king came to the queen and told her that there was going to be a revolt in the kingdom, a mutiny which was most undesirable. The queen inquired the reason of such a condition of affairs. Her husband replied that the officers and ministers were jealous when he married her, and now they could not bear the idea of this girl inheriting the throne, being low-born on her-mother's side. They wanted blue blood and wanted their king to adopt the child of one of the prime ministers. But the king said that if they did so, when the girl grew up in all probability, there would be an antipathy between them. So in order to obviate that result, he had been meditating and meditating and had finally arrived at the conclusion that the best thing to be done was to have the girl killed. Then Griselda, which was the name of the queen, made this most characteristic answer to the king. This answer typifies her conduct and duty towards the king. She said, "You know from the day I came, I had no desire of my own to enjoy this throne with you. I have made my will

and desire entirely yours. My individuality and personality is merged in yours and it is kept up only so far as it may be of service to you and not to obstruct your purpose. If it is your will that the daughter be taken away, let her be taken away. I have never called the daughter mine in my heart of hearts." The daughter was taken away at the dead of night and after a few hours the king returned and said the child had been given away to the executioners to be slaughtered. The queen was collected, calm, quiet, and cheerful as if nothing had happened. This is Vedanta. Never be disturbed by any outward circumstances.

The king now said that everyone would be pleased. After a year or so, there was a little boy born. This child was loved by everyone. The boy grew up to the age of five or six years, then again there was an uproar. The king said that as circumstances are at present, it is advisable to kill this child also. If the child remains, there will be a great civil war; so to preserve the national peace the child ought to be killed. The

queen was again smiling and cheerful, and said, "my Real Self is the whole nation, I have nothing personal, I am like the Sun, I give away. Like the Sun we do not receive, we should give away. When we have no clings and are not attached to anything, what can happen that will mar our happiness? The Sun goes on giving away all the time, but still constantly shining. That boy was also taken away "

After a few years the third child was born, and when about three or four years of age, was taken away in the same way.

Now, how did the queen keep up her spirits? Since the day she came to the palace, she would retire into a solitary chamber wherein she had preserved her old rags. That was her solitary chamber, and there stripping herself of all her beautiful clothes she used to put on those old rags, and in this simple dress she would realize That I am. And in the mendicant's dress she would feel and realize her Divinity. Shakespeare says, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." She knew in her heart of

hearts that she was the woman carolling and singing on the banks of the lake. Here she was confined in the palace of the king and bereaved of her freedom and liberty, but she did not make herself miserable, she did not allow herself to get entangled in affairs. She was not attached to this or that; her Real Self was continually held aloof from the surrounding circumstances. She was continually merged in Divinity. In this way she purified herself by casting aside all attachments and clings, no responsibilities she had, she was bound to nobody, no duties. Thus it is, whenever you are in dumps or in blues, strip yourself of all attachments, connections, desires, wants, and needs. Free you are. In this way the queen always kept herself up during her stay in the king's palace.

One night the king approached her and said that it would not do for them to go on killing their sons and daughters all the time, and he did not like the idea of adopting a child. So after thinking the matter over, he had come to the conclusion that it was

best for him to marry again, and thus peace would be restored. The queen consented willingly because she never derived her happiness from the king, her happiness came from her own 'Self, and not from others. She got all the pleasure from the God within, not from husband, father, and children. The king was amazed at her happiness and asked her what she would like to do. She told him his will was her will. He told her that if she remained, the harmony might be broken, and it was best for her to go away. Immediately the beautiful clothes were taken off and the old rags, the mendicant's dress, put on again, and she left the palace. She was cheerful and happy and went to her father, who was also as happy as ever. The servant of the king, who was left with the old man, was immediately sent back to the king.

One day the king passed the hut with the intention of sympathizing with her, but when he saw her cheerful, smiling countenance, he saw that there was no occasion to do so. He then asked her if she would come and receive the new bride. She willingly

consented. She planned and arranged everything in such a lovely way that the magistrates and their wives were astonished at the beauty of the arrangements. According to the arrangements made, the bride had to come to the king with a great army and a magnificent dowry of gold and jewels. She came with great pomp and glory and was received most royally by Griselda and the other ladies of the king's court at his request. When Griselda saw the new bride, she loved, kissed, and embraced her as if she had been her mother. The ladies with Griselda were astonished at the beauty of the new bride, but were more astonished at the moral beauty of the old queen. The new bride brought with her two little brothers. According to the custom of that country, the noble ladies and aristocratic chiefs had to enter the palace and enjoy a great feast. Griselda presided over the ceremonies. When the people saw the calm, peaceful, placid manners of their former queen, their hearts relented and tears came into their eyes. She was to leave and retire to the

hut of her father after the ceremonies. But as they went on eating, all their feelings of sorrow for the queen soon vanished and they forgot all about her. But when she was bidding* them good-bye and telling the king if he ever needed her again not to hesitate to call on her, the hearts of the gentle ladies relented and they burst into tears. They repented of their hard-heartedness. They said, "You are not the daughter of a mendicant, you are the daughter of God." Then they told how this queen had permitted her children to be murdered in order to preserve the peace of the country, and the new queen also began to weep. She said, "Your daughter and your sons were murdered and I have come here wading through a stream of blood." Then they began to rebuke the kind. All were present, the new bride and the queen who was about to depart. The king then rose up and said, "O officers, magistrates, and noble ladies, you are all weeping and crying with the exception of Griselda alone. I am also weeping with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain. I do

not blame you, O people, ye are my children; my eyes are filled with tears, but they are not tears of sorrow, but tears of joy and gladness. Let your tears be also tears of joy." Then turning to Griselda he said, "Be of good cheer and happy, happy you are alone in the whole kingdom." Now it seems that the new bride was the daughter of the king of the adjoining country, but she was his daughter by adoption only, and also her little brothers. These children as orphans fell in the way of that king, and he on account of their beauty loved them and reared them as his own. These three children were the children of the king and Griselda, as the executioners, to whom they were given to be killed, did not have the heart to do the deed and took them to this country. Now all these things were explained to the people. And when the king of this adjoining country saw these beautiful children in the hands of those dark coloured executioners, he thought they must be children of some king and he reared them as his own. Of course the king could not marry

his own daughter, so to the happiness of all, Griselda remained the queen and her children inherited the throne. So you see, God is always very grateful. He pays His debts with interest.

Let such be the royal resignation of things in Love by every married woman. In India such are called *Pativrata* and *Patnivrata*, which means that woman is to live in her husband and her husband is to live in his wife. The woman is to see God in her husband. She is to give away her body and mind to her husband, and her husband is to give himself to God in her. There is nothing personal, nothing selfish. A marriage ceremony in India always takes place by the river side in the open air. A lovely breeze blowing and the sun over head. Here you see the idea is that the woman is to take up the hand of the man and the man taking up her hand, is giving both to God. Just as Griselda had no attachment, women have to give themselves up to God, Atman.

Let men do the same. Married life

cannot but be happy if the husband were to be lost in his wife and the wife were to be lost in the husband. It is the identity of personal life that makes Love and Life really enjoyable.

FOREST TALKS.

No. XII.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

RAMA LOST IN ECSTASY !!

The real Self does not incarnate, only the subtle self does; the real God is above incarnations. The Universe is my body, all air is my breath, trees are my hair, rivers are my veins, mountains are my bones !

In some places long twilight exists, in others the Sun jumps upon the horizon. You may linger in intermediate places or fly, that depends entirely upon your will, which choice you make. Desires are energy—energy of light, heat, electricity, sound, different manifestations. Matter is proved to be a form of Energy. Leibnitz considers atoms centres of force, solid matter is also my will. Ice is water, water also is water, form I am, I am also dweller in form. You are everything. Wake up to that consciousness. The Philosophy of Yoga must seek you, everything comes to you.

People are much misled by the spinal column they lose the main track, go inside the alleys. If you place figure 8, one over another, there are holes in continual column which form two canals. Books lay stress on opening these canals. To a man who had worked and read for twelve years to effect this, Rama told the secret. Just as he came to-day, he said that he had during this short time achieved all, and was nearer the goal than ever. People lead themselves astray who dwell on such things as the opening of *Sushmana*. The food gets into the stomach, unites with the oxygen, works its way through the body, gains gastric juice, travels through the alimentary canal, it is not necessary to understand the transformations. As the food takes care of itself, so when a man desires Realization, "Raja Yoga" does you no good. Exert yourself in the right way, it will surely be opened unto you. Control breath, waste not your time upon meaningless things, processes do you no good, the control of *Prana* is not to control the mind; based upon these lines no man can concentrate his mind, suspended

breath can have no control over mind ! false Logic. Every Geometrician wants to force the fact upon others that control of *Prana* means control of mind ; control mind, and *Pranā* will be controlled.

Rama began the other way, Rama failed to look at the matter in the common way despite admonitions ; he controlled the mind, breath followed. Once he bathed, plunged, sank into a tank. Friends present also bathed, and plunged into water but came out, waited for Rama ; he was not on the list, they thought him drowned, or that the alligator had eaten him up. They were alarmed. Rama came up and amazed them that control of breath could be effected through the Will. Try to realize seated in the essence of the Real Self and become one with God. Breath is a poor, mean servant of yours, you control breath of the Universe. Dehypnotize yourself ; the mother hypnotizes the child when she whispers, " Oh Johnnie," in his ear. " Oh Georgie !" and makes him Johnnie and Georgie through the body.

Wake up Divine consciousness ! Master of

the Universe, the Ruler of spheres! the principal thing is to realize. Sun of suns! Light of lights! the same am I! Why are you man, woman, beggar or king, or poor wretch? You have felt it yourself and you are it. . Feel yourself God and you will be God. A house takes long to build, only a short time to raze. You have taken a long time to create your dungeon, raze it! God of gods ye are! Raise yourself up into the true Self! Throw yourself into the Light of lights! See whole worlds spread out before you! While the rising Sun is below the horizon, a suitable time in India, the view elevates, once there you can mount into delectable mountains. Just as we strike a pencil for first rise, when risen we give a sharp blow, and throw it away into the atmosphere, raise it and make it fly; so raise the mind in that way into the atmosphere, after which it is easy for it to run along until it is God in the highest heaven. The impulse given through birds' songs, breezes' blowing, streams' murmuring, let it soar, chant OM, sing in the language of feeling. Look at the first Sun as

at a looking-glass, in no state of dualism. The highest is my own Self. I am He. Indian woman wear small looking-glasses on their thumbs and looking into them, do not see the glass but their own faces outside themselves, but realize, it is their own faces although seeing it outside; so does the Vedantin realize that the Sun is his own Self. I am the Sun of suns! My only shadow is that sun! The meaning of OM I am, language, lips, feeling, action say so.

“Child, come along!” No forcè in your words; when another child who has been absent and whom you have been longing to see, comes, you say, “Oh, come child, come!” Speaking through every nerve, every hair, you fly to him, cling to him, clasp him, this is the language of the feeling. Chant OM with every fibre of your body. Begin with little force; sound first comes from throat, then chest, lower and lower down until from base of spine; then electric shock, opening of *Sushmana*, your breathing becomes rythmical, all germs of disease leave you. A Vedantin looks on the Sun as related to

himself in the same way as is the Moon to the Sun. She appears to shine by herself, but all lustre comes from the Sun. So the Sun appears to shine from his own grandeur, but that grandeur comes from Me.

In dreams you see various things, say an electric globe. Without Light you can see nothing, in dreams there is no light to show objects. What is that light which shows you electric globe or diamond? It is the light of Atman, your own Self. The grandeur of the Sun in your dreams, is your own light. The glory of the Sun is seen through my glory! so does the Vedantin feel. The Sun in the material world is the emblem of Light, Knowledge; thus by looking at the Sun, I feel I am the Light of Knowledge. The Sun is the symbol of Power, makes planets revolve, gives Life to all.

Here is another way of realising OM.

A stands for Existence, Life.

U stands for Light, Knowledge.

M stands for Bliss, Happiness.

OM has symbol in hieroglyphics in the Sun, written in characters of gold. Like a

written word, OM and this Sun, material symbol, is an image of Me.

The Sun is a symbol of beauty, attracts all planets, so dazzling! so splendid! represents Bliss. Realize, I am Reality, Truth, Glory! All attributes are mine! are me! are I!

Existence, Knowledge, Bliss. A little material twisted image of Me is the Sun! I do not worship OM. OM worships Me! I am the Sun before whom all planets and all bodies, heavenly as well as human, revolve. Immutable, eternal! Before Me does the whole universe turn round and round, to show Me all her parts and sides; to lay open to Me all her beauty, the Sun shines for my sake before Me.

The heart of Christ,
The brain of Shakespeare,
The mind of Plato.

All feed upon my glory, drink of my sunshine. The presence of the Sun makes men think that the muscles move thereby; it is my Gold-like presence that brings all this to pass.

Live in me, the Sun of suns, Light of lights am I ! From the ocean of my presence all ripples come, I am the monarch of monarchs ! as all the kings, as all the flowers ! I smile in the sunbeams. I make muscles of warriors move ! Everywhere my Will is being done ! My Kingdom and Glory administer daily bread to every being ! and make the Earth revolve. Evil thoughts, worldly desires have no right to appear in my presence.

In the holy presence of myself, little desires have no right to intrude ; anger, passion, etc. are things of darkness ! I permeate all, lowest and highest. I am Spectator, Showman, Performer. In Jesus am I ! in the most ignominious am I ! the All ! Whatever is the object of your desire, I am. I roll in thunder and in surging seas of Franklin. Newton, Calvin, hearts of prophets I am,—Fountain Head,—also of gardens and landscapes ! With this emotion put forth all this meaning to OM—the process is simple ; chant it, live it, walk it as Gods. It shows want of Self-respect to bow

down to any desires that are not great. Walk in your grand glory and dignity. If distracted by worldly desires, you are not singing QM.

About opening *Sushmana*, about the thousand petalled Lotus, waste not your time ; all will come to you. You will glean marvellous results. Be above fear, anxiety, or uneasiness. You will see all knowledge. The world will come to you of itself. Every object will pay allegiance to you. Do not confuse yourself with meandering zigzag paths, you will have to repent.
